Benjamin Lehman

THE

CHRISTIAN CABINET:

OR,

TREASURY OF DIVINE KNOWLEDGE.

CONSISTING OF

DIVINITY, MORAL PHILOSOPHY, BIOGRAPHY,
HISTORY, POETRY, EXPERIMENTAL
AND PRACTICAL RELIGION.

by David Brown

Religion, hail! whose captivating charms
Impart to human minds sublimest joy,
And raise the soul in silent adoration,
To heaven's high throne, the seat of the Eternal.
'Tis thou who canst rescind the various ills
Of human being, cease the tear of woe,
Inspire true peace of mind,
When death's pale angel cuts the thread of life,
And nature sickens.....

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TO THE PUBLIC.

IT is an incontestible fact, demonstrated by revelation, experience, reason, and the nature of things, that happiness solely consists in our conformity, internally and externally, to the great Author of our beings, as far as the light of NATURE or REVELATION will enable us, and that a non-compliance with the convictions we receive from either, of the duties that are incumbent upon us, will totally disqualify and preclude us from the enjoyment of him in his divine nature or works. Under these considerations, the pens of the most able writers have been employed, to point out the path in which we should walk, for the attainment of enjoyments which would not fade away in the most adverse scenes of life, or in the arduous conflict of death;—and also in setting forth the miseries of those who persisted in gratifying themselves in sensual delights; as also has daily experience. But how few have availed themselves of those blessings. Few indeed out of the great body of mankind.

Notwithstanding the assiduity of infidels, in disseminating their spurious principles among the people of America, by their practice and writings, God, the Su-

preme Author of our religion will support his own cause by some means or other, and counteract their nefarious schemes to overthrow it. Yea, while the omnipotent arm of Jehovah remains unimpaired, the christian religion will stand firm, and unshaken amidst every thing that they can raise in order to effect its overthrow.

There are also many who profess a belief in Jesus Christ, as the only true Saviour of the world, and that there is salvation in none other; but lamentable to say, their actions prove them to be practical atheists, living as though there was no God that would take cognizance of their actions, and bring them to an account in the day of eternity.

It is therefore my determination, through the medium of this work, to make a full stand against irreligion, by endeavouring to propagate experimental and practical religion, without being biassed by any sect or party whatever; and therefore hope to receive the aid of christians of all denominations, by their pens, in hewing down the abominable fabric, which infidels and wicked men have reared, in opposition to experimental religion, and the divinity of Christ.

The Christian Cabinet will consist of Divinity, Moral Philosophy, Biography,

History, Poetry, Experimental and Practical Religion.

The Editor presumes it unnecessary to make the public many promises, to engage them in his favour, but hopes, by his endeavours, to meet their approbation, and that whatever they may judge erroneous in it, their liberal minds will tolerate them, if not extended beyond non-essentials.

D. B

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

OF THE NATURE AND FOUNDATION

OF PIETY,

OR

THE DUTIES WE OWE TO GOD.

THE first part of Piety is, to form right notions of God, as the greatest, wisest, and best of beings. All men who are capable of reflection, must be sensible, that this is a matter of infinite importance: for if our opinions concerning him are erroneous, our sentiments of the duty we owe him will be so too, and our whole moral nature must be perverted. Every considerate person, therefore, will be careful to obtain the fullest information possible with respect to the Divine Existence and Attributes. To be indifferent about this, which is, beyond comparison, the most important part of knowledge, is inexcusable; and the ignorance is criminal which proceeds from such indifference. And if ignorance of God was without excuse in some antient heathen nations, as the scripture warrants us to believe, it must be highly criminal in us, who, both from reason and from revelation, have the best means of knowing what God is, and what he requires us to believe concerning him. How far the deplorable condition of many of the human race, with respect to false religion, barbarous life, and an exclusion hitherto unsurmountable from all the means of intellectual improvement, may extenuate, or whether it may not, by virtue of the great

atonement, entirely cancel the imperfection of those to whom, in this world, God never was, or without a miracle, could be known, we need not inquire. It is enough for us to know, that for *our* ignorance we can plead no such apology; and that the righteous Judge of all the earth will never impute to his creatures misfortunes and misery, which they neither did bring upon themselves, nor could avert when brought; especially that greatest of all misfortunes, invincible ignorance of God and their duty.

The second part of Piety is, to cherish right affections, suitable to those right notions of the Divine Nature. These affections are,....Veneration of his infinite and incomprehensible greatness; adoration of his wisdom and power; love of his goodness and mercy; resignation to his will; gratitude for his innumerable and inestimable benefits; a disposition to *obey*, cheerfully, *all* his *laws*; fear in the apprehension of his displeasure; joy, in the hope of his approbation; and a desire to imitate him as far as we are able, and, with well-meant, though weak endeavours, to second the purposes of his providence, by promoting the virtue and happiness of our fellow-creatures. They, who believe in the infinite goodness, greatness, wisdom, justice and power of the Supreme Being, will acknowledge, that these glorious attributes do naturally call forth, and ought reasonably to call forth the pious affections above mentioned; and that, not to cultivate those affections, or to encourage evil passions inconsistent with them, must be, in the highest degree, criminal and unnatural.

A third part of Piety is Worship; or the outward expression of these pious affections in suitable words and behaviour. Of this great duty, I observe, in the first place, that it is quite natural. Good affections, when strong, as all the pious affections ought to be, have a tendency to express themselves externally; where this does not appear, there is reason to apprehend that the affections are weak or wanting. If a man is grateful to his benefactor, he will tell him so; if no acknowledgments are made, and no outward signs of gratitude manifest themselves, he will be chargeable with ingratitude. When we admire the wisdom, and love the goodness of

a fellow-creature, we naturally shew him respect, and wish to comply with his will, and recommend ourselves to his favour; and we speak of him, and to him, in terms of esteem and gratitude; and the greater his wisdom and goodness, the more we are inclined to do all this. Now God's wisdom and goodness are infinite and perfect; and, if we venerate these attributes as we ought to do, it will be neither natural nor easy for us so to conceal that veneration, as to prevent its discovering itself externally. It is true, that the Omniscient Being knows all our thoughts, whether we give them utterance or not. But, if expressing them from time to time in words, is by him required of us as a duty; if it is beneficial to ourselves; and if, as an example, it has good effects on our fellow-men; no argument can be necessary to prove the propriety of the practice.

To join with others in devotion tends to make us devout, and should be done for that reason.....Besides: public worship, by exhibiting a number of persons engaged, notwithstanding their different conditions, in addressing the Great Father of all, and imploring his mercy and protection, must have a powerful tendency to cherish in us social virtue, as well as piety. The inequalities of rank and fortune, which take place in society, render it highly expedient and even necessary, that there should be such a memorial, to enforce upon the minds of men, that they are all originally equal, all placed in the same state of trial, all liable to the same wants and frailties, and all equally related, as his accountable creatures, to the Supreme Governor of the universe. Hence let the mean learn contentment, and the great humility; and hence let all learn charity, meekness, and mutual forbearance.

It is our duty to be devout, not at certain times only, but at all times; that is, to be constantly sensible of our dependence on God, of the mercies we every moment receive from him, of the gratitude, obedience, and resignation due to him, and of our being continually in his presence. These sentiments, habitually cherished in our minds, would very much promote our virtue and happiness; by keeping us at a distance from criminal pursuits.—Let it not be supposed, that *words* are essen-

tial to devotion. Every day, indeed, they may be necessary to assist devotion, and render pious sentiments so definite and so comprehensive, as to impress upon us with energy the several parts of our duty. But pious emotions may rise in the mind, when there is no time for utterance.

Impiety consists in neglecting to cultivate pious affections; or in cherishing evil passions of an opposite tendency; or in being guilty of such practices, by word or deed, as may lessen our own or other men's reverence of the Divine attributes, providence or revelation. If we neglect the means of cultivating pious affections, it is a sign, that in us piety is weak, or rather wanting; and that we are regardless of our own improvement, and insensible to the best interests of mankind. Want of pious affection is a proof of great depravity. When infinite goodness cannot awaken our love; nor almighty power command our reverence; when unerring wisdom cannot raise our admiration; when the most important favours, continually and gratuitously bestowed, cannot kindle our gratitude; how perverse, how unnatural, must we be! In order to guard against these and the like impieties, we shall do well to meditate, frequently on the divine perfections, and on our own demerit, dependence, and manifold infirmities. Thus, we may get the better of pride and self-conceit, passions most unfriendly to piety; and form our minds to gratitude, humility, and devotion.....But, instead of this, if we cherish bad passions, of a contrary nature, or allow ourselves in impious practice; if at any time we think unworthily of our Creator; if we use his name in common discourse without reverence: if we invoke him to be the witness of what is false or frivolous; if we practise cursing and swearing, or any other mode of speech disrespectful to his adorable majesty; if by serious argument we attempt the subversion of religious principles; or if by parody or ludicrous allusion, we endeavour to make scriptural phraseology the occasion of merriment: in any of these cases, we too plainly show, that our minds are familiarised more or less to impiety, and in great danger of utter depravation.

No man is truly pious but he who is humble, distrustful of himself, anxious to do good to others, and willing to think of them as favourably as possible. We cannot be too much on onr guard against vice, and can hardly blame it too severely in ourselves: but our abhorrence of it should never make us abhor our fellow-creatures. We have no right to consider any of them as renounced by heaven. Though their wickedness be great, (and we are not always competent judges of its magnitude), it is our duty to believe that God, while he supports their lives, is willing to be reconciled to them; as he allows them the opportunity of repentance.

The further a man advances in real virtue, the more he will feel and regret his own imperfection, and the more candid and charitable he will become in judging of other men.

BILLS OF EXCHANGE SPIRITUALIZED.

WHEN a rich merchant, who dwells in a foreign land afar off, commits his treasure to the hands of a banker, it is to be drawn out in smaller sums by his servants or his friends here at home, as their necessities shall require; and he furnishes them with bills of exchange drawn upon his banker or treasurer, which are paid honourably to the person who offers the bill, according to the time when the words of the bill appoint the payment.

Is it not possible to draw a beautiful allegory hence, to represent the conduct of the blessed God in his promises of grace, without debasing so divine a subject?

God the father, the spring and fountain of all grace, dwells in regions of light and holiness inaccessible, too far off for us to converse with him or receive supplies from him in an immediate way; but he has sent his Son to dwell in human nature, and constituted him Treasurer of all his blessings, that we might derive perpetual supplies from his hand: he has intrusted him

with all the riches of grace and glory ; he has laid up infinite stores of love, wisdom, strength, pardon, peace, and consolation, in the hands of his Son for this very purpose, to be drawn out thence as fast as the necessities of his saints require. "It pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell. He has received gifts for men." Col. i. 19. Psal. lxviii. 18.

Now all the promises in the Bible are so many bills of exchange drawn by God the Father in heaven, upon his Son Jesus Christ, and payable to every pious bearer; that is, to every one that comes to the mercy-seat, and offers the promise for acceptance, and pleads it in a way of obedient faith and prayer. Jesus, the High-treasurer of heaven, knows every letter of his Father's handwriting, and can never be imposed upon by a forged note ; he will ever put due honour upon his Father's bills ; he accepts them all, for all the promises in him are yea, and in him amen. In him they are all sure to the glory of the Father, 2 Cor. i. 20. It is for the Father's honour that his bills never fail of acceptance and payment.

If you apply to the blessed Jesus, and offer him a bill of the largest sum, a promise of the biggest blessings, he will never say, "I have not so much of my Father's treasure in my hand. For he has received all things." John iii. 35. "The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand." And may I not venture to say, this whole treasure is made over to the saints, "All things are yours," 1 Cor. iii. 22. And they are parcelled out into bills of promise, and notes under the Father's hand. So the whole treasure of a nation sometimes consists in credit and in promissory notes more than in present sums of gold and silver.

Some of these divine bills are payable at sight, and we receive the sum as soon as we offer the bill; (viz.) those that must supply our present wants; such as, "Call upon me IN THE DAY of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me," Psal. l. 15. and there have been many examples of such speedy payment. Psal. cviii. 3. "IN THE DAY when I cried thou answerdst me : and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul."

Some are only payable in general at a distant time, and that is left to the discretion of Christ the Treasurer. (viz.) "As thy day is, so thy strength shall be," Deut. xxxiii. 25. And we need never fear trusting him long, for this bank in the hands of Christ can never fail; "For in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily," Col. ii. 9. and Ephes. iii. 8. we are told of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Sometimes Christ may put us off with a general kind answer, or give us a note under his hand, payable at demand, in several parcels instead of a full payment all at once; thus he dealt with his dear friend and servant Paul, in 2 Cor. xii. 9. Doubtless Paul in his seeking the Lord thrice, for the removal of his thorn in the flesh, had pleaded several large promises of God, had offered those divine bills to Christ for acceptance and payment; but instead of this, our Lord gives him a note under his own hand, which ran in this language, "My grace is sufficient for thee." And if we had but the faith which that blessed apostle had, we might live upon this hope; this would be as good as present payment: for if he delays to give the full sum, it is only because he sees we have no need of it at present: he knows our necessities better than we ourselves; he will not trust us with too much at once in our hands; but he pays us those bills when he sees the fittest time, and we have often found it so, and confessed his faithfulness.

At other times he pays us, but not in the same kind of mercy which is mentioned in the promise, yet in something more useful and valuable. If the promise mentions a temporal blessing, he may give us a spiritual one; if it express ease, he may give patience: and thus his father's bills are always honoured, and we have no reason to complain. So the banker may discharge a bill of a hundred pound not with money, but with such goods and merchandize as may yield us two hundred, and we gladly confess the bill is well paid.

Some of these promises, these bills of heavenly treasure, are not made payable till the hour of our death, as, "Blessed are those servants whom, when the Lord comes, he shall find watching, &c. Luke xii. 37. He

that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved, Matth. xxiv. 13. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," Rev. ii. 10.

Others are not due till the day of the resurrection; as, "Them who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him, 1 Thess. iv. 14. I will redeem them from death, Hos. xiii. 14. Col. iii. 4. When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory. Phil. iii. 20, 21. He shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body. 1 Peter v. 1, 4. And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

Now when the great day shall come, in which our Lord Jesus Christ shall give up his mediatorial kingdom to the Father, and render an account of all his stewardship, how fair will his books appear! how just a balance will stand at the foot of all his accounts! Then shall he shew in what manner he has fulfilled the promises to the saints, and present to the Father all the bills that he has received and discharged; while all the saints shall with one voice attest it, to the honour of the High-Treasurer of Heaven, that he has not failed in payment even to the smallest farthing.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

POLYCARP,

WHO WAS BISHOP (OR ANGEL) OF THE CHURCH OF SMYRNA, AT THE TIME WHEN ST. JOHN WAS IN THE ISLE OF PATMOS.

See Revel. ii. 8, 9. 10.

POLYCARP was a disciple of St. John, therefore (although in the lonesome island) could not but see with pleasure the flourishing state of the Church which he was Prime Minister of: But poverty, tribulation, and persecution was his lot. Three days before he was apprehended, having retired after prayer to rest; and being

fallen asleep, he saw in a dream the pillow set on fire which was under his head, and he thought suddenly consumed to ashes: which matter, when he awoke, he interpreted to those about him, to be a presage, that his life was near its end, and that his body would be burnt for the testimony of Christ, according to the epistles directed to him by St. John. When the soldiers came for him, he desired them to take some refreshment; after they had eaten and drank at his table, he asked them leave to make prayer with his family and friends once more, which they consented to; and when he had concluded, and recommended all to God in Christ, he said, I am now ready to go with you. The soldiers whose hearts by this time were almost melted within them by such love, gave him an opportunity to make his escape, but he embraced it not.

At length they told him to escape from them and that they would not prevent him; but he asked them how they would answer that to him who sent them; telling them that a remissness in duty would cause them to be punished by their commander: to which they replied, we will say we could not find you. He answered, but you have found me, and in that you would transgress the law of God, through my means; upon which, they replied, you will be burned, and we desire that you escape, how will you bear so cruel a death? To which he replied, "Him whom I have served for many years after a feeble manner will not forsake me now; I am willing to die for him that I may eternally live with him;—be not dismayed, you are doing your duty, I lay nothing to your charge—I hope this day you may see and know that Jesus Christ is worthy of all adoration, and that he died for you also."

When they brought him before the proconsul, he asked him, "Art thou Polycarp who is called Bishop of Smyrna." He answered, "Yea, my name is Polycarp." "If thou wilt swear, I will let thee go: Blaspheme and defy Christ and thou shalt have my protection and be safe; to which Polycarp answered, "Four score years have I served Christ, neither hath he offended me in any thing, but on the contrary I found him a good friend,

withholding no good thing from me, and how can I revile so gracious a master.

Proconsul.—" I have wild beasts to devour thee unless thou change."

Polycarp.—" Bring them out, for we have determined by Divine aid not to change, nor to turn from so good a cause to so bad a one as yours; it is more reasonable for you to turn from evil to the Christian cause which is good and just."

Proconsul.—" I will tame thy madness with fire, if thou fearest not wild beasts, nor changest thy resolutions."

Polycarp.—" Thou threatenest me with fire, which lasts but an hour and is quickly quenched; but thou art ignorant of the everlasting fire which will fall on the despisers of Jesus at the day of judgment, and of those endless torments which are reserved for the wicked—But why makest thou this delay? appoint me what death you please."

The pile being prepared, when they went to nail him to the post, he said—" Nay, let me be even as I am; for Jesus Christ, who gave me strength to come to the fire, will give me patience to abide in it without your fastening my body with nails."—When they bound him, he prayed thus:—O Father of thy well beloved and blessed Son Jesus Christ, through whom we have known thee; O God of angels, God of power, and of every living creature, and of just men who live in thy presence; I thank thee that thou graciously vouchsafest this day and this hour, to allot me a portion in the number of martyrs: and that I should drink of the cup of my blessed Redeemer, for the resurrection to everlasting life, both of body and soul, through the operation of the Holy Spirit: for I shall this day be received among thy witnesses, into thy presence, as an acceptable sacrifice: and as thou hast prepared and revealed this to me beforehand, so thou hast now accomplished and fulfilled it. O thou most true God, whose promises can never fail; therefore for all these things I praise thee, I bless thee, I glorify thee, through the everlasting shepherd and bishop of my soul Christ Jesus; to whom with thee and

the Holy Spirit be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen."

Before his body was quite consumed, just before his speech left him, he made the following prayer:

"O God, the Father of thy well beloved Son Jesus Christ, through whom we receive the knowledge of thee and the adoption of sons; O God, the Creator of all things; upon thee I call; thee I confess to be the true God; thee I glorify: O Lord receive me, and make me a companion of thy saints, at the resurrection, through the merits of our great High Priest, thy well beloved son Jesus Christ: to whom with the Father, and God the Holy Spirit, be honour and glory for ever. Amen.

He suffered in the seventh year of Verus, A. D. 170, aged 86, and was bishop about 63 years.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF R..... A.....

LATE OF TALBOT, MARYLAND.

AS death is the inevitable lot of mortals, however distant the thoughtless may find the period, it is the wisdom of all that must encounter the important scene, to prepare for the solemnities of that hour. The means of improvement are innumerable, and among those, the *life* and *death* of such as have gone before us, are not to be accounted the smallest.

The relation which I am now to give of a person with whom I was intimately acquainted, ma serve to awaken our fears, lest a promise being left us of entering into rest, any of you come short of it.

This youth, like all others, in an unawakened state, lived in security somewhere about twenty years. It pleased the Father of Mercies to convince him that the life he lived would lead him to destruction, and that it was high time to seek the Lord while he might be found and to call upon him while he was near. With this conviction he set out to save his soul. He thought

it his duty to join the church of God, and to beg divine assistance to fulfil the covenant engagements that were made in his behalf at the time of his baptism.

It was not long before he thought he had found the pearl of great price, and appeared to rejoice in a present salvation, his words were, "I know by experience, that God has power on earth to forgive sin." He walked in all the means of grace for several years. At length he thought it his duty to change his condition of life. Unhappy for him, he chose a gay handsome young lady, but a stranger to religious seriousness, and although she was not of his way of thinking, his family and personal appearance, pleased her so well, that she submitted to his request, thinking that after they were married, she could cure him of his religious frenzy.....and too well she succeeded in the attempt.

At first she began to reason with him in her way; she observed, that if they meant to be thought any thing of by their friends and neighbours, they should not treat them with so much neglect, when they invited them to go to this, that, and the other place of diversion....That he knew how much persons of his way of thinking were neglected by people of respectability; that he kept so much reading and praying going on in his house, that the neighbours laughed at it, in fine, said she, I married you to be happy with you, but I utterly despair of happiness, unless you will leave it off, and be like other people.

He told her that happiness was what he wanted, what he sought, and what he had found; but he never found it in those things which she esteemed to be objects of happiness, but that he found it in his God and religion; he told her that he hoped that he should ever make it his highest ambition to make her happy, but that he was certain, that happiness that arose from the customs and manners of this world, was not substantial; that although for the present it might afford imaginary sweetness, in the end it would be bitter as death.

When she found that mildness would not do, she took the harsher way. She refused to conform to family devotion. He grieved, he wept, and in secret often prayed for her, but to no purpose. She used every strata-

gem that her frightful imagination could invent; she persisted on till she finally wearied him out, he thought it was in vain to try any longer to bear up under the opposition he met with. He thought he would attend to his private duties, and try to get to heaven alone, if she would not go with him; but she pursued him to his closet, and finally drove him from every retreat, until he gave up every religious duty.

When he gave over the cultivation of his heart by grace, and the regulation of his life by religion, he soon found the corruptions of his heart to stir within, they broke out in his life, till he finally gratified her in every request she made, and ran to greater lengths, than ever he did before he made a profession of religion: he found the truth of this proverb, *The backslider shall be filled with his own ways.*

Some time after this he went to hear a sermon that was preached on a particular occasion, which the minister entered into all the feelings of the heart, and all his sins were brought to his remembrance. He there promised the Lord once more, that he would set out to serve him, let his opposition be what it would. But his difficulties appeared to be greater, he found he had much less strength to resist them than he had before. He found himself in his enemy's hands, and that he was like a man who had been bound by his enemy when he was asleep, and afterwards awoke with surprise. He struggles, but he cannot get free, he groans under his bondage, and wishes for liberty, but in vain. His wife redoubled her efforts, and gained her point a second time.

He continued in this state for some time, sinning with but little remorse of conscience. He lost his desires for all the means of grace, and entirely forsook the company of the people of God; he gave himself up to the customs and maxims of the world, without having regard even to morality.

After this he was laid upon a bed of affliction, and his life was despaired of, by himself and his friends. In this affliction, his fears were all alarmed, his sins appeared in dreadful colours before him, and he viewed them in such a light, that he thought he dare not look

up to God for mercy. "How can I, (said he) expect that God will pardon me, when I have ran counter to his will, grieved his spirit, sinned away all that peace I once enjoyed, and finally, have gone farther since my apostacy, than I ever did before I pretended to religion? O that I had my time to live over again, or O that I had never been born? His disorder increased, and his fears were wrought up to terror. "If (said he) God would give me another trial, I would amend my ways; if God will not hear me, perhaps he will hear the prayers of his people in my behalf; O send for them that they may pray for me, for how can I stand before the avenger of sin, in this my lamentable condition! His friends visited him and God heard prayers in his behalf, and contrary to expectation, he recovered. But as his strength of body increased, his conviction subsided, and by the time he was restored to health, he was ready for, and acctually did return to all his former vices.

Several years after this, I fell in company with him, when we entered into close conversation about the state of his soul, I asked him what he thought would become of him if he died in his present state? "Why," said he, "as sure as God is in heaven I should be damned;" "Well, said I, do you mean to die in this state? do you never think of changing your course of life?" "My friend," said he, "I have no desire to serve God, I have no desire for any thing that is good; to tell you the truth said he, I as much believe my damnation is sealed, as I believe I am sitting conversing with you. I know, said he, the very time when the spirit of God took its flight, and what you may be more surprised at than all I have yet said, is, I am not troubled about it, no, no more than if there was not a God to punish sin, nor a hell to punish sinners in. I was struck speechless, I cannot paint to the reader's imagination, the feelings that I had at that time; but I could say no more to him, I could only observe with what an air of indifference he spoke it, and notwithstanding he spoke with confidence, and his words made such impressions on my mind, yet his heart appeared to be as unfeeling as a stone. After I parted with him, I fell into meditation on the awful subject. Lord thought I, who have I been conversing

with? An immortal spirit cloathed with flesh and blood, that appears to be sealed over to eternal damnation! A man that once had a day of grace, and the offer of mercy, but now all appears to be lost! the door of heaven is shut against him never to be opened more. He once had it in his power to accept of salvation, and because he did not improve his time and talent, God judicially has taken them all away, and given him over to hardness of heart, and blindness of mind; he is neither moved by mercy, nor terrified by judgment. May this be a lesson to me, thought I, to improve, to the glory of God, and the salvation of my own soul.

About two years after he was laid upon a dying bed, and his conscience roared like thunder against him, and every sense within him appeared to be awakened to torment him. His sickness was short, and his end awful. His christian friends came to visit him, and wanted to administer to his comfort, but he was comfortless. They told him perhaps he was mistaken, it was not as bad with him as he imagined. "Ah!" said he, "would to God I was mistaken, happy would it be for me, But," continued he, "can I be mistaken about my affliction? Is it imagination that confines me here? Are my pains imaginary? No, no, they are a reality, and I am as certain of my damnation, as I am of my affliction."

Some persons offered to go to prayer with him, but he forbid it. He charged them not to attempt it; "For," said he, "that moment you attempt to lift up your hearts to God in my behalf, I feel the flames of hell kindle in my breast. You might as well pray for the devil as for me, you would have as much success. Do you think to force God? Do you think to force the gates of heaven, that are barred by justice against me? No, your prayers shall return upon your own heads, I want none of them." The distress of his mind seemed to swallow up that of his body, and he continued nearly in the same situation, till the day he made his exit. All that christians or christian ministers could say to him, made no impression on his mind. He never asked any one to pity nor pray for him.

Just before he departed, after he had been rolling for some time, from side to side, with horror depicted in

every feature of his face, he called out to his wife, to bring him a cup of cold water, "For, said he, in one hour I shall be where I shall never get another drop." She brought him the water, he took and drank it with greediness, he reached back the cup with his trembling hand, he stared her in the face, his eyes flashing terror all around him, he cried out, "Becky, Becky, you are the cause of my eternal damnation." He turned over, and with an awful groan left the world and launched into a boundless eternity.

If the reader should ask after his wife, what impressions it made upon her mind; all I have to say, is, I fear she died as she lived.

THE RECANTATION OF

MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE,

A CELEBRATED DEIST,

In favour of Christianity.

THIS extraordinary man, during a long series of years, was continually misrepresenting and vilifying the holy scriptures. He distorted and disfigured the beautiful face of truth; dressed up the bible in a bear's skin; crowned it with caps and painted devils, and then diverted himself with the unseemly figure! But let candor judge whether *such conduct* was not incompatible with rational principles; with impartial inquiries after truth; with real learning, veracity and sense!

"It is the glory of the bible, says his celebrated and justly esteemed countryman, Monsieur Pascal, to have a man *so unreasonable*, to be of the number of its professed enemies! And his *impious conduct* confirms, at least, *that part* of divine revelation, that teaches the *depravity* of *human nature!*"

Ridicule, though capable of misleading the vulgar and unwary, cannot invalidate truth. There is nothing,

however, whatever excellence it may possess, but may be represented in an unfavourable, and even in a ridiculous point of view. This infidel, though he spent many years in sneering at the bible, at the approach of death, made the following *confession* and *recantation*, the reality of which hath been confirmed by the oaths of several witnesses.

"I BELIEVE *firmly* all that the catholic, apostolic, and roman church believes and confesses. I *believe* in one God, in three persons, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, really distinguished; having the same nature, the same divinity, and the same power; that the second person was made man, called Jesus Christ; who died for the salvation of all men; who has established the holy church, to which it belongs to judge of the true sense of the holy scriptures. I condemn all the heresies the same church hath condemned and rejected; likewise all perverted misrepresentations which may be put on them. This true and catholic faith, out of which none can be saved, I profess and acknowledge to be the only true one; and I promise, and engage myself to die in this belief, by the grace of God. I *believe* and *acknowledge also*, with perfect faith, all and every one of the articles of the apostles creed. I declare, moreover, that I have made this confession before the reverend father Capuchin, previous to his confessing me."

VOLTAIRE, however, *died miserably!* Doctor Tronchin having been sent for to visit him in his last illness, found him in the *greatest agonies*, exclaiming with the *utmost horror;* "I am *abandoned* by GOD and *man!*" "I will give you half of what I am worth, said he to this physician, if you can give me six months life!" The Doctor answered; "Sir, you cannot live six weeks!" He replied; "Then I shall go to hell, and you will go with me!" Behold here the admired HERO of *modern* INFIDELS!

General Biographical dictionary; and Condorcet's life of Voltaire.

"EVER since Voltaire, said the learned and ingenious Doctor Beattie, stimulated by avarice, and other dotages, incident to unprincipled old age, formed the scheme of accumulating wealth, by writing three or four

volumes, yearly, against the christian religion, he has degenerated from a genius of no uncommon magnitude, into a paltry book-maker; and now he apprehends he performs *admirable exploits*, by *retailing* the crude and long since exploded notions, of free-thinkers of the last age; which, when seasoned with a few errors, misrepresentations and ribaldries of his own, form such a mess of falsehood, impiety, obscenity, and other abominable ingredients, as nothing but the monstrous maw of an *illiterate infidel*, can either *digest* or *endure!*"

A LEARNED countryman of this famed deist, the Abbe Nonotte, who is deemed a very moderate and candid writer, in a valuable work entitled, Les Erreurs de Voltaire, observes, "that a judicious reader will immediately discover, in perusing Voltaire's works, that the author has *no fixed principles;* that he is *devoid* of *sound logic;* that he is often *destitute* of *real learning;* always *without discretion* and a *proper respect* to things of the first importance! He will discern also, the *futility* of all those lively *sallies of wit;* those *bold assertions* and *artifices* which are contained in his writings! These things may dazzle and surprise inferior and superficial understandings, incapable of *due reflection;* but will have but *very little influence* on those who are able properly to *investigate facts*, and to *judge* with PROPRIETY!"

An Account of the remarkable out-pouring of the Spirit of God at Shoth, in Scotland, which happened June 20th, 1630, at which time five hundred persons were brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God!

THE Minister of Shoth had given an invitation to certain ministers to attend a sacramental occasion, the report of which brought multitudes of people together of different ranks. Several days before the sacrament there was much time spent in social prayer.

It was not usual, it seems, in those days to have any sermon on the Monday after dispensing the Lord's Supper. But God had given so much of his gracious presence, and afforded his people so much communion with himself, on the foregoing days of that solemnity, that they knew not how to part without thanksgiving and praise. There had been a great number of eminent Christians, and the most useful ministers, from many places, for several days before the Sacrament; hearing sermons and joing in prayer, praise, and spiritual conferences, while their hearts were warm with the love of God: some expressed their desire of a sermon on Monday.

Mr. Livingston was the minister pitched on, though then about twenty-seven years of age. He was not easily persuaded to give the sermon. He spent the night before in prayer and conference; but when he was alone in the fields about eight or nine in the morning, there came such a misgiving of heart upon him, under a sense of his own unworthiness, and unfitness to speak before such a congregation and so many aged and worthy ministers, that he was thinking to steal away, and was actually gone some distance; but when about to lose sight of the church, these words, "*Was I ever a barren wilderness, or a land of darkness?*" were brought into his heart, with such an overcoming power, as to restrain him to return and preach. The text he fixed on was Ezek. xxxv. 26. "*Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean,*" &c. As he was about to close, a heavy shower coming suddenly on, which made the people hastily take to their cloaks and mantles, he began to speak to the following purpose, "If a few drops of rain from the "clouds discomposed them, how would they be filled "with horror and despair, if God should deal with them "according to their deserts! and thus he will deal with "all the impenitent. That God might justly rain fire "and brimstone upon them, as upon Sodom and Go-"morrah.—That the son of God, by tabernacling in "our nature, and obeying and suffering in it, is the only "covert from the storm of divine wrath due to us for "sin." In expressions to this purpose he was led on for about an hour in a strain of exhortation and warning.

with great enlargement of heart. At that time there was so convincing an appearance of God, and a down-pouring of the spirit, even in an extraordinary way, that one writes, "I can speak on sure grounds; near five "hundred had at that time a discernable change, "wrought on them by the power of God, of whom most "proved lively Christians afterward."

The following particular instances are well attested: On that remarkable Monday, three young gentlemen of Glasgow, had made an appointment to go to Edinburgh, to the public diversions there. They stopped at Shoth to breakfast. One of them proposed, as there was a young man to preach, that they should go and hear the sermon, and return as soon as sermon was ended. But the power of God so accompanied the word, they could not come away before all was over. When they returned to the public house to take their horses, they called for some refreshment; but when it was set on the table, they looked one on another, and none of them durst touch it till a blessing was asked: and as it was not their manner formerly, one of them said, "I think we should ask a blessing on it! the other two readily agreed, and asked one that was present to do it for them, which he did: when they had done, they could not rise until another should give thanks. Now and then as they rode they would say, "Was it not a great sermon we heard?" Another would answer, "I never heard the like of it?" They went to Edinburgh; but instead of following their intended diversions and company, they kept their rooms most part of the time they staid, which was but two days. They did not tell to one another their concern all this time. After they had been some days in Glasgow they kept much retired; at last one of them made a visit to the other, and told what God had done for him at Shoth; the other frankly owned the concern he was brought under at the same time; both of them went to the third, who was in the same happy case; and they all agreed to begin a fellowship-meeeting, and turned out eminent and useful Christians. Another instance was a poor man, a stable-keeper in Glasgow, whom a gentlewoman had employed to drive her to the church in a carriage, in time of sermon had taken out his

horses to feed at some distance. He observed something extraordinary among the people, and feeling himself affectedin a strange way, ran to the congregation, and was made a partaker of forgiving mercy also.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MASSACRE AT PARIS: TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. BOSSUET, BISHOP OF MEAUX.

IN the year 1572, Charles the IXth being determined to destroy all the Protestants in France, invited the chief of them to Paris, to be present at the marriage of his sister. Judging it best to begin with the admiral Coligni, he ordered the duke of Guise to find him an assassin. He had not far to seek for one, who, in a house of a confident of the duke of Guise, chose a window looking into the street, through which the admiral always went home from the Louvre. On the twenty-second of August, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Montrevel, seeing him passing on foot, pretty slowly, shot at him with a musket loaded with two balls, one of which wounded him in the left arm, and the other broke a finger of his right hand. The shot was heard in the tennis-court, where the king was playing with the duke of Guise. Some of his attendants came and told the king. He immediately threw down his racket, and went out quite in a fury, swearing that he would do justice for a crime, which more regarded his own person, than the admiral's. He spoke with the same force of expression to the king of Navarre, and the prince of Condi, who came to ask his permission to retire. The ardour with which he declared to them his intention to revenge the assassination, almost quieted their minds.

In vain was search made for the assassin; he had made his escape on a horse, brought by one of the duke of Guise's servants. The Huguenots did not take fire, as had been expected; the admiral's tranquility pre-

vented them from being moved; he was never angry with any body; but in conversation about the contriver of the murder, he pointed out the duke of Guise, but did not name him. As for the king, the admiral was very far from suspecting him. He suffered his pain and the incisions that were necessary to be made, with admirable constancy. The very day that he was wounded, though he was far from being out of danger, he saw and conversed with all the lords of the court, with a courage and steadiness that surprised them, expressing an entire indifference about life or death, and declaring that he should die satisfied, provided he could tell the king something of great importance for his glory, and the welfare of his kingdom. He added, that the affair was of such a nature as could be entrusted to nobody else. This was told the king who a little after came to visit him with the queen-mother, the duke of Anjou, and the duke of Guise.

In the private conversation which he had with the king, his conversation turned entirely on the war in Flanders, to which he persuaded the king with all possible earnestness. He warned him of the little secrecy observed by his council, in which nothing was said which was not immediately carried to the duke of Alba. He concluded with earnestly recommending to the king the execution of edicts, as the sole means of preserving the kingdom.

The conversation lasted so long, that the queen-mother, who perceived the admiral speaking with some emotion, and the king in appearance relishing what he was saying, became uneasy at it. She was afraid that so strong a reasoner might influence the king; but that prince rose up without determining on the war in the Low Countries. During the whole conversation the king called the admiral his father with so profound a dissimulation, that there was nobody but believed he was affected. As he frequently swore that he would do justice upon the contrivers of the assassination, the admiral told him softly, that no long time was necessary for discovering them. After the king had retired, the queen-mother with much uneasiness asked him what the admiral was saying to him with so much earnestness.

He was of a harsh temper, and for some time before began to speak drily to that princess. The deed which he was contriving made him still wilder; so that he answered, swearing according to his custom, that the admiral had advised him to reign by himself.

The Huguenots, in the mean time, assembled at the admiral's house. The Vidame of Chartres said without hesitation, that the admiral's wound was only the beginning of the tragedy, and that they should all soon become its bloody conclusion, if they did not speedily leave Paris. But Teligni, far from hearing the Vidame, was angry at him for doubting the honest intentions of the king. As for the admiral, whether in fact he did not perceive what was preparing, or chose to die rather than again to plunge his native country into the evils from which it emerged, he raised himself above every thing, and quietly waited the event. His friends, undesignedly, hastened his death. As they were afraid that the populace should rise up against them and fall upon the admiral, they petitioned the king to have his house guarded. This was a fine pretext for the king, for securing his person; he caused a company of the guards to be placed before the admiral's house; he ordered the protestant gentlemen to lodge round the admiral, and ordered lodgings to be marked for them. At the same time the magistrates took the names of all the Huguenots, under pretext of lodging them.

The king seemed afraid that the duke of Guise might occasion some commotion, and feigned an inclination to secure the king of Navarre's life, by inviting him, as well as the prince of Conde, to shut himself up in the louvre, with all the bravest men they had. Thus all the protestants were in his hands, without a possibility for any of them to escape.

The Vidame was confirmed in his opinion that there was a plot to destroy them. As the admiral was in a condition to be removed in a litter, he a-new insisted on a retreat; but the charm was too strong, or the king's dissimulation too deep. Teligni remained in his blindness; but some of the party, among the rest Montgomery, retired into the Fauxbourg, St. Germain, where those of their religion mostly lodged. All that the Vi-

dame said was immediately reported to the queen. This was the 23d of August, the eve of St. Bartholomew. It was feared that the arguments should at last prevail, and it was immediately resolved to put to death all the Huguenots in Paris. Such a massacre was not at first proposed to the king, and none but the chief persons were mentioned; but he answered with an oath, that since he must kill, he intended that not a single Huguenot should remain to upbraid him; so an universal massacre was intended, and it was resolved to be made all over the kingdom. The king of Navarre was excepted; and he owed his safety, not so much to his rank, his birth, or his new alliance, as to the impossibility of ascribing his death, like that of the admiral, to the duke of Guise. Not but the king loved him, but that inclination was not strong enough to save him had he been pressed. As for the prince of Conde, whom the memory of his father rendered odious, his sentence was pronounced; and he had died, had not his brother-in-law, the duke of Nevers, broken the blow, by answering for his submission. The night following was chosen for the execution.

The alarm rung at the palace, on the great bell, used in extraordinary ceremonies, was to serve for a signal. The Duke of Guise was not ashamed to undertake the execution. The first crime which he had committed in procuring the assassination of the Admiral, was an engagement of him, in all the rest. Orders were secretly given to have him obeyed in the city, and also by the military. Arms were carried to the Louvre with as much secresy as possible. Teligni had information of it, as well as of the private movement made by the military. The King told him, every thing was doing by his orders, to keep the populace, whom the Duke of Guise was endeavouring to raise, to their good behaviour. Upon this Teligni continued quiet, and even hindered his father-in-law from being warned. The night was already far advanced when the Duke of Guise began to give his orders. He commanded the Mayor and Sheriffs, who had been prepared, without acquainting them with particulars, to keep their men in readiness, and to repair to the town-house to get their orders.

The mayor declared to the men whom he had hired, that the King had resolved to be rid that night of all the Huguenots then in Paris; and that he had given orders at the same time, that they should be treated in the same manner throughout his kingdom; and that therefore they should not fail to fall upon them at the signal. He caused them to put a shirt sleeve upon their left arms, and a white cross in their hats, that they might know each other; and ordered that at a certain hour lanthorns should be lighted in all the windows. The hour of twelve was approaching, and the Queen came and struck the last stroke. As she perceived the King grow pale, she said to him, "Have you not the resolution to rid yourself of men who have so little regard for your authority?" He was nettled, and bid them begin then. The Queen left him immediately, and gave the last orders.

A great mob gathered about the Louvre. The lanthorns were lighted. The Huguenots in surprise, asked what was the matter? They were answered that it was a rejoicing at the Louvre. Some of them went thither, and were committed to the guard room, whilst the King, terrified at the orders he had given, commanded they should still delay; but he was told there was no longer time for deliberation. The alarm rung at St. Germain de l'Auxerrois, the parish church next the Louvre, and the Duke of Guise marched with a great retinue to the Admiral's. He awoke at the noise. His first thought was, that the Duke of Guise had made an insurrection among the people. Some shots which he heard in his court; made him guess that their aim was at him. He rose out of bed, said his prayers, told his servants, that he plainly perceived he must die, and that they might make their escape as well as they could: for he had no further need of man's assistance.

Scarce had he ended, when he saw enter, with a drawn sword, a man who asked if he was the Admiral? "Yes" said he, "young man;" shewing him his grey hairs: and added, "thou oughtest to respect my age; but go on, thou wilt only deprive me of a few mintues." The assassin then ran the sword through his body, and pierced him with several wounds. The Duke of Guise asked if he was dead, and to be assured of it, he wanted

to see his dead body; it was thrown out at the window to him. Teligni was killed at the same time.

At that instant they burst into the adjacent houses, which they filled with slaughter. That whole quarter of the city ran like a rivulet with blood. The Count de la Rochefoucault, the Marquis de Renel, and other persons of quality were first butchered. In the Louvre the Huguenots were pulled out of their apartments, and after being knocked on the head, they were thrown out at the windows. The court was full of dead bodies, which the King and Queen looked at, not with horror, but with pleasure! All the streets were now filled with slaughter; neither old men, nor children, nor pregnant women were spared. Every one glutted his own private revenge under pretext of religion, and many Roman Catholics were killed as well as Huguenots.

Peter Ramus, a famous Professor, was thrown down from a tower of the College of Beauvais, where he was teaching. The jealousy of Charpentier, another Professor, occasioned his death. They had disputed with too much heat, Charpentier in defending Aristotle, and Ramus in attacking him; so that poor man was put to death more as an enemy of the Peripatetic Philosophy, than of the doctrine of the Roman church. Dionysius Lambinus, another Professor, by no means a Huguenot, but odious to Charpentier, was afraid of the like destiny; and though his enemy had spared him, the fright killed him. Several of those the king had prosrcibed escaped. Notwithstanding his peremptory orders, the Duke of Guise saved D'Acier and some others, to free himself from part of the odium, and shew that his only design was against the Admiral.

Three Montmorencis escaped, though included in the list, because the Marshal de Montmorency, their elder brother, being absent, could not be killed with them. Being a friend or relation of the Admiral was a sufficient reason for being treated like a Huguenot. Marshal de Cosse, because he was one of the politicians, was destined to death, and was saved by the interest of a kinswoman, with whom the duke of Anjou was in love. Biron, who was not reckoned enemy enough to the Huguenots, had died with the rest, had not his office of

Grand Master of the artillery furnished him with an opportunity to take shelter in the arsenal, where they durst not attack him. He there harboured a great many of the proscribed, and among others, James de Caumont de Nonpart, a boy of ten years of age, who had escaped by hiding himself under the bodies of his father and elder brother who had been assassinated in his sight. As for the Vidame and Montgomery, when they heard the noise in the city, they wanted to pass the river with those who had followed them, into the Fauxbourg St. Germain, to see what the matter was. Strange! they perceived the king dragging the bodies of the massacred out of the windows of the Louvre. They made their escape in all haste.

The massacre lasted several days, of which the two or three first were terribly violent. The first night the king sent for the king of Navarre and prince of Conde, to command them to abjure their heresy. The cardinal de Bourbon and some churchmen endeavoured to instruct them. The king of Navarre made small resistance. The prince of Conde, at first urged steadily that his conscience ought not to be forced, and that he could not be persuaded that the king would break the promise he had given; but he soon changed his language, when he heard the king in person giving him, with a terrible oath, these three choices, "Mass, Death, or the Bastile for life."

AN HYMN TO DIVINE LOVE.

NO more of lower flames, whose pleasing rage
With sighs and soft complaints I weakly fed;
At whose unworthy shrine, my budding age,
And willing Muse their first devotion paid.
Fly, nurse of madness, to eternal shade:
Far from my soul abjur'd and banish fly,
And yield to nobler fires, that lift the soul more high.

O LOVE! coeval with thy parent God,
To thee I kneel, thy present aid implore;
At whose celestial voice and pow'rful nod,
Old discord fled, and chaos ceas'd to roar,
Light smil'd, and order rose, unseen before,
But in the plan of the eternal Mind,
When God design'd the work, and lov'd the work design'd.

Thou filld'st the waste of ocean, earth, and air,
With multitudes that swim, or walk, or fly:
From rolling worlds descends thy gen'rous care,
To insect crowds that 'scape the nicest eye:
For each a sphere was circumscrib'd by thee,
To bless, and to be bless'd their noblest end;
To which, with speedy course, they all unerring tend.

Conscious of thee, with nobler powers endu'd,
Next man, thy darling, into being rose,
Immortal, form'd for high beatitude,
Which neither end nor interruption knows,
'Till evil couch'd in fraud began his woes:
Then to thy age was boundless wisdom join'd,
And for apostate man redemption thus design'd.

By thee, his glories veil'd in mortal shroud,
God's darling offspring left his seat on high;
And heav'n and earth, amaz'd and trembling, view'd
Their wounded Sov'reign groan, and bleed, and die.
By thee, in triumph to his native sky,
On angels wings, the victor God aspir'd,
Relenting justice smil'd, and frowning wrath retir'd.

To thee, munific, ever-flaming LOVE!
One endless hymn united nature sings:
To thee the bright inhabitants above
Tune the glad voice, and sweep the warbling strings.
From pole to pole, on ever-waving wings,
Winds waft thy praise, by rolling planets tun'd;
Aid then, O LOVE! my voice to emulate the sound.

It comes! it comes! I feel internal day;
Transfusive warmth through all my bosom glows:
My soul expanding gives the torrent way;
Thro' all my veins it kindles as it flows.
Thus, ravish'd from the scene of night and woes
Oh! snatch me, bear me to thy happy reign;
There teach my tongue thy praise in more exalted strain.

BREATHING TOWARD THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

THE beauty of my native land
Immortal Love inspires;
I burn, I burn with strong desires,
And sigh, and wait the high command.
There glides the moon her shining way,
And shoots my heart through with a silver ray:
Upward my heart aspire;
A thousand lamps of golden light
Hung high, in vaulted azure, charm my sight,
And wink, and beckon with their amorous fires.

O ye fair glories of my heav'nly home,
Bright centinels, who guard my Father's court,
Where all the happy minds resort,
When will my Father's chariot come?
Must ye forever walk the Ethereal round,
For ever see the mourner lie
An exile of the sky,
A prisoner of the ground?
Descend some shining servants from on high,
Build me a hasty tomb:
A grassy turf will raise my head,
The neighb'ring lilies dress my bed,
And shed a sweet perfume.
Here I put off the chains of Death
My soul too long has worn:
Friends, I forbid one groaning breath,
Or tear to wet my urn:
Raphael, behold me all undress'd,
Here gently lay this flesh to rest;
Then mount and lead the path unknown,
Swift I pursue thee flaming guide, on pinions of my own.

CONVERSE WITH CHRIST.

I'M tir'd with visits, modes and forms,
And flatt'ries paid to fellow-worms;
Their conversation cloys;
Their vain amours and empty stuff;
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy best company, my Lord, thou life of all my joys.

When he begins to tell his love,
Through every vein my passions move,
The captives of his tongue:
In midnight shades, on frosty ground,
I could attend the pleasing sound,
Nor should I feel December cold, nor think the darkness long.

There, while I hear my Saviour-God
Count o'er the sins (a heavy load!)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with secret shame
And weep, and blush, and bless the name
That knew not guilt nor grief his own, but bore it all for me.

Next he describes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody passion o'er,
Till I am drown'd in tears:
Yet with the sympathetic smart
There's a strange joy beats round my heart;
The cursed tree has blessings in't, my sweetest balm it bears.

I hear the glorious Suff'rer tell,
How on his cross he vanquish'd Hell,
And all the powers beneath:
Transported and inspir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a song;
"How has the Serpent lost his sting, and where's thy "vict'ry Death?"

But when he shows his hands and heart,
With those dear prints of dying smart,
He sets my soul on fire:
Not the beloved John could rest
With more delight upon that breast,
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with more intense desire.

Kindly he opes to me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrow there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I ease my burthen'd heart,
In every woe he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping head sustains.

Fly from my thoughts all human things,
And sporting swains, and fighting kings,
And tales of wanton love:

My soul disdains that little snare,
The ringlets of Amira's hair:
Thine arms, my God, are sweeter bands, nor can my heart remove.

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY.

IT was a brave attempt! advent'rous he,
Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea,
And, leaving his dear native shores behind,
Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
I see the surging brine, the tempest raves:
He on a pine-plank rides across the waves,
Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves:
He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails,
Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.

Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land
Fearless, when the great Master gives command,
Death is the storm: she smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempest waft her from the shore.
Then, with a skilful helm, she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease;
(Her faith can govern death) she spreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.
As the shores lessen so her joys arise,
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies;
Now vast Eternity fills all her sight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The seas forever calm, the skies forever bright.

DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

THOU must expire, my soul, ordain'd to range,
Through unexperienc'd scenes, and myst'ries strange
Dark the event, and dismal the exchange.

But when compell'd to leave this house of clay,
And to an unknown *somewhere* wing thy way;
When time shall be eternity, and thou
Shalt be thou know'st not what, nor where, nor how,
Trembling and pale, what wilt thou see or do?
Amazing state!....No wonder that we dread
The thoughts of death, or faces of the dead.
His black retinue sorely strikes our mind;
Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind.
Some courteous ghost, the secret then reveal;
Tell us what you have felt, and we must feel.
You warn us of approaching death, and why
Will you not teach us what it is to die?
But having shot the gulph, you love to view
Succeeding spirits plung'd along like you
Nor lend a friendly hand to guide them thro'.
When dire disease shall cut, or age unite
The knot of life, and suffer us to die:
When after some delay some trembling strife,
The soul stands quiv'ring on the ridge of life:
With fear and hope she throbs, then curious tries
Some strange *hereafter*, and some hidden skies.

AN EXTRACT ON HOPE.

ETERNAL hope! when yonder spheres sublime,
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade,
When all the sister planets have decay'd,
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou undismay'd shall o'er the ruin smile,
And light thy torch on nature's funeral pile.

The following lines were written on a Pane of Glass in one of the Windows of Bishop BEDELL'S *House, adjoining the Church-Yard; till a few Years ago, when the Sash was taken down. They are supposed to be written by Doctor* SHERIDAN, *about the Year* 1731.

RESOLVE me this, ye happy dead,
Who've lain some hundred years in bed,
From every persecution free,
Which in this wretched life we see;
Would ye resume a second birth,
And chuse once more to live on earth?

Thus spoke great *Bedell* from his tomb,
Mortal! I would not change my doom,
To live in such a restless state;
To be unfortunately great;
To pity fools; to spurn at knaves;
To shine among a race of slaves;
To learn from wise men to complain,
And only rise to fall again:
No.....let my dusty relics rest,
Till I shall rise amongst the blest.

On CHRIST *being bound to the Marble Pillar.*

MARBLE the pillar; marble He that's bound;
Marble the Officers that guard Him round.
Marble by *nature* That; by *patience* He;
The Last by unrelenting *cruelty*.
Reader, dissolve in tears; or at this view,
Wonder will turn Thee into Marble too.

THE
CHRISTIAN CABINET.

No. 2. Vol. I.

PHILOSOPHICAL OBSERVATIONS ON MAN, &c.

THE last mark of the greatness of man, and of his high exaltation above other animals, is the commerce he has with his Creator by religion.

Wrapped in the thickest darkness, the rest of the animal creation are ignorant of the Hand that formed them. They enjoy an existence, but cannot trace the Author of life. Man alone soars to God the Principle, and prostrate at the foot of the throne of the Almighty, adores with the profoundest veneration, and with the most lively gratitude, the Ineffable Goodness that created him.

In consequence of those eminent faculties wherewith man is enriched, God condescends to reveal himself to him, and to lead him as it were by the hand in the paths of happiness. The various laws he has received from the Supreme Wisdom, are so many lights placed at proper distances on his road, to guide him from time to eternity.

Enlightened by the Celestial Guide, man advances in the glorious race that is set before him, and seizes the crown of life, and adorns with it his immortal brow.

Such is the man in the highest degree of earthly perfection. But mankind have their gradations, as well as the other productions of our globe. There is a prodigious number of continued links between the most perfect man and the ape.

If you take a survey of all nations of the earth; if you consider the inhabitants of the same kingdom, province, city, or town; nay, do but examine with attention the members of the same family, and you will imagine you see as many species of men as you discern individuals.

To the Lapland dwarf, let the giant of Madagascar succeed. Let the flat-faced African, with his black complexion and wooly hair, give place to the European, whose regular features are set off by the whiteness of his complexion and beauty of his hair. To the filthiness of a Hottentot, oppose the neatness of a Dutchman. From the cruel Anthropophagite pass to the humane Frenchman. Place the stupid Huron opposite the profound Englishman. Ascend from the Scotch peasant to the great Newton. Descend from the harmony of Handel to the rustic songs of the shepherd. Put in the same scale the locksmith constructing a jack, and Vaucanson forming his automatons. Reckon up the number of steps from the smith that causes the anvil to groan, to Reaumur anatomizing fire.

Do these varieties arise from any real difference there is between human souls, independently on the organization of the body?

We shall not think so, if we pay a due attention to health and sickness, to constitution and manner of living, to climate, and education.

You may perceive what a multitude of consequences a mathematician derives from a very simple principle: place this same principle in the hands of a man of the lower class, it will remain barren, and not be productive of the smallest truth.

May not the number of just consequences which different minds deduce from the same principle, serve as a foundation for constructing a psychometer upon; and may we not presume that one time or other we shall be enabled to measure spirits as we now do bodies?

But the scale of the creation does not terminate at man. Another universe commences there, whose extent, perhaps, compared to that of this, is as the space of the solar vortex to the capacity of a nut.

There shine the *Celestial Hierarchies*, like glittering Stars.

There from all parts the *angels*, *archangels*, *seraphim*, *cherubim*, *thrones*, *virtues*, *principalities*, *dominions*, *powers*, cast forth their radiant beams.

In the centre of these *august spheres*, shines gloriously the Sun of Righteousness, the East above, whence all the other *stars* borrow their light and splendor.

Ye planetary worlds! *celestial hierarchies!* you sink into annihilation in the presence of the Lord: your *existence* is by him: He is that he is: He alone possesses the plenitude of *being:* you enjoy but the reflection of it. Your perfections are streams; the Infinitely perfect Being is an ocean, an abyss, which the cherubim presume not to look into.

If we enjoy a very sensible pleasure on seeing collected, in one place, the principal productions of nature, how great must the extacy of celestial spirits be, when they survey those worlds which God has thick sown in the vast expanse, and when they contemplate the immensity of his works!

O! the delightful employment those *superior intelligences* are exercised in, when they compare the different œonomies of these worlds, and weigh in the balance of reason each of these globes!

But all *celestial intelligence*, doubtless enjoy not these advantages in the same degree. There may be some perhaps to whom is granted the knowledge of one world only: others may know several: others a much greater number.

How immense must that Mind be, which beholds with a single glance the sum of all beings, and which by fathoming the *spirits* of all orbs, discerns in an instant, and without confusion, the result of all the ideas that have, do now, and will hereafter occupy them!

Ye inhabitants of the earth, who have received reason sufficient to convince you of the existence of these worlds, will you for ever be denied entrance into them? Will the Infinitely good Being, who shews them to you at a distance, always refuse you admittance into them? No; since you are called to reside ere long among ce-

lestial hierarchies, you will like them fly from planet to planet: you will eternally advance from perfection to perfection, and every instant of your duration will be distinguished by the acquisition of farther degrees of knowledge. Whatever has been with-held from your terrestrial perfection, you will obtain under this œconomy of glory: *you will know even as you are known.*

Man is sown corruptible, he will rise incorruptible and glorious: these are the words of the *apostle* and philosopher: the covering of the seed perishes; the germ subsists, and assures man of immortality.

Man therefore is not in himself what he appears to be. What we discover of him here below is only the gross foldage under which he crawls on the earth, and which he must shortly cast off.

The *brain* is a small organical machine, destined to receive the impressions made on the different parts of the body, and to transmit them to the soul. It is by means of this that the soul acts on various points of the body, and adheres to nature.

The extremities of all the nerves, radiate to the seat of the soul: it is in some measure the centre of this admirable collection, the threads of which are so numerous, fine, delicate, and full of motion.

But the nerves are not stretched like the strings of an instrument of music. Animals that are entirely glutinous, are notwithstanding very sensible.

We then admit there is a fluid in the nerves, whose subtilty prevents our seeing it; and which serves both for the propagation of sensible impressions, and muscular motion.

The instantaneousness of this propagation, and some other phenomena, indicate that there is a certain analogy between the nervous fluid and fire or light.

We know that all bodies are impregnated by fire. It abounds in aliment. It is extracted from it by the brain, from whence it passes into the nerves.

The seat of the soul, the immediate organ of feeling and thought, can be no other than a composition of this vital fire. The brain which we see and feel, must therefore only be the case or covering of the ethereal machine, which constitutes the real seat of the soul.

It may indeed be the germ of that *spiritual* and *glorious* body, which REVELATION opposes to the *animal* and *vile*.

The *resurrection*, then, will only consist in a prodigiously rapid unfolding of this germ, which lies hid in the brain.

These senses are the foundation of those relations which the animal body bears to terrestrial bodies. The seat of the soul, or the little ethereal machine that constitutes it, has parts corresponding with the grosser senses, since it receives motions from thence, and transmits them to the soul. These parts, by the opening of the germ, will acquire a degree of perfection incompatible with the present state of man. But this germ may likewise contain within new *senses*, which will disclose themselves at the same instant, and by multiplying in an almost infinite degree the relations of man to the universe, will aggrandize his sphere, and render it equal to that of *superior intelligences*.

An organized body, formed on elements analogous to those of light, will, we may reasonably suppose, stand in need of no repair. The *spiritual* body will preserve itself by the mere energy of its mechanism.

And if light or æther do not gravitate at all, man in a *glorified* state will be enabled to transport himself at pleasure into every point of space, and will fly from planet to planet, with the swiftness of lightning.

The senses, as they will then be brought into subjection to the soul, will no longer rule over her. Separated for ever *from flesh and blood*, there will remain in her none of those earthly affections which resulted from them. Transported into the regions of light, the human understanding will present no ideas to the will but those of the highest good. It will then have no other than lawful desires, and God will be their constant and ultimate end. It will love him from gratitude; fear him from a principle of love; and will adore him as the SUPREMELY AMIABLE BEING, and as the *Eternal Source* of life, perfection, and happiness.

PRINCIPLES, AND RULES OF JUDGMENT

IN MATTERS OF

DIVINE TESTIMONY.

AS human testimony acquaints us with matters of fact, both *past* and *present*, which lie beyond the reach of our own personal notice; so divine testimony is suited to inform us both of the nature of things, as well as matters of fact, and of things future, as well as present or past.

Whatsoever is dictated to us by God himself, or by men who are divinely inspired, must be believed with full assurance. Reason demands us to believe whatsoever divine revelation dictates; for God is perfectly wise, and cannot be deceived; he is faithful and good, and will not deceive his creatures; and when reason has found out the certain marks or credentials of divine testimony to belong to any proposition, there remains then no farther enquiry to be made, but only to find out the true sense and meaning of that which God has revealed, for reason itself demands the belief of it.

Now *divine testimony* or *revelation*, requires these following credentials;

1. That the propositions, or doctrines revealed, be not inconsistent with reason; for intelligent creatures can never be bound to believe real inconsistencies. Therefore we are sure the popish doctrine of transubstantiation is not a matter of divine revelation, because it is contrary to all our senses and our reason, even in their proper exercises.

God can dictate nothing but what is worthy of himself, and agreeable to his own nature and divine perfections. Now, many of these perfections are discoverable by the light of reason, and whatsoever is inconsistent with these perfections, cannot be a divine revelation.

But let it be noted, that in matters of practice towards our fellow-creatures, God may command us to act in a manner contrary to what reason would direct, antece-

dent to that command. So Abraham was commanded to offer up his son a sacrifice. The Israelites were ordered to borrow of the Egyptians without paying them, and to plunder and slay the inhabitants of Canaan; because God has a sovereign right to all things, and can with equity dispossess his creatures of life, and every thing which he has given them, and especially such sinful creatures as mankind; and he can appoint whom he pleases to be the instruments of this just dispossession or deprivation. So that these divine commands are not really inconsistent with right reason; for whatsoever is so, cannot be believed where that inconsistency appears.

2. Upon the same account the whole doctrine of revelation must be consistent with itself; every part of it must be consistent with each other; and though in points of practice, latter revelation can be inconsistent with what has been heretofore revealed.

3. Divine revelation must be confirmed by some divine and supernatural appearances, some extraordinary signs or tokens, visions, voices, or miracles wrought, or prophecies fulfilled. There must be some demonstrations of the presence and power of God, superior to all the powers of nature, or the settled connection which God, as Creator, has established among his creatures, in this visible world.

4. If there are any such extraordinary and wonderful appearances and operations brought to contest with, or to oppose divine revelation, there must, and always will be such a superiority on the side of that revelation, which is truly divine, as to manifest that God is there. This was the case when the Egyptian sorcerers contended with Moses. But the wonders which Moses wrought, did so far transcend the power of the magicians, as made them confess, *It was the finger of God.*

5. These divine appearances or attestations to revelation must be either known to ourselves, by our own personal observation of them, or they must be sufficiently attested by others, according to the principles and rules by which matters of human faith are to be judged in the foregoing section.

Some of those who lived in the nations and ages where miracles were wrought, were eye and ear-witnes-

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ses of the truth and divinity of the revelation; but we who live in these distant ages, must have them derived down to us by just and incontestible history and tradition. We, also, even in these distant times, may see the accomplishment of some ancient predictions, and thereby obtain the confirmation of our faith in divine revelation, beyond what those persons enjoyed who lived when the predictions were pronounced.

6. There is another very considerable confirmation of divine testimony; and that is, when the doctrines themselves, either on the publication or the belief of them, produce supernatural effects. Such were the miraculous powers which were communicated to believers in the first ages of Christianity, the conversion of Jews or Gentiles, the amazing success of the gospel of Christ, without human aid, and in opposition to a thousand impediments; its power in changing the hearts and lives of ignorant and vicious heathens, and wicked and profane creatures in all nations, and filling them with a spirit of virtue, piety, and goodness. Wheresoever persons have found this effect in their own hearts, wrought by a belief of the Gospel of Christ, they have a witness in themselves of the truth of it, and abundant reason to believe it divine.

THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF TWO YOUNG LADIES, CONTRASTED.

[*BY A LADY.*]

THE design of this little Piece, is to hold up to view, by two characters, the difference that education makes through life; and generally in death. MELISSA was the daughter of a man of fortune and fashion; and being an only child, the affections of her parents centered in her. Her disposition was naturally sweet, and complying; her understanding good; and there was an amiable timidity about her, that indicated refinement.

At seven, she was sent to school, where she formed an intimacy with a young girl nearly of her own age. The name of this young Lady was ISABELLA. Her parents were remarkable for their piety, and had also but this one child. It was the wish of their souls, and daily prayer to Almighty God, that she might be trained up in early piety, and be received by a living faith into the number of Christ's little ones. With this object ever in sight, they endeavoured to instruct her in the nature of those engagements they had entered into in her name, and that she must fulfil them for herself. Her little heart would sometimes melt with tenderness, and she would retire, and pray that the earnest wishes of her parents might meet its accomplishment; though as yet she understood not the full import of them. This little family was a model for order, neatness, industry, and economy. It was a rule in the house to rise in the winter before, and in the summer with, the sun. At one hour, all assembled in the parlour, morning and evening, for the purpose of imploring the divine assistance and protection in time, and through eternity. The manner of it was this: they read in the morning, a chapter in the Old Testament; and a Psalm in the evening, in the New, and sang a hymn. And then Mr. Leeds prayed with such an elevation of devotion, and such a mixture of love and humility, as often sent his hearers weeping to their chambers. This mode of life was never interrupted by any circumstance, or set aside by any intention. Part of their time was spent in town, and part in the country. Their circumstances were affluent, but they were fed with temperance, and clothed with frugality. And what others lay out in the costly trappings of pride, was by them bestowed on the unfortunate and industrious poor. Something considerable was set aside for the noblest of all charities, That of spreading the glorious gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was commanded to be preached to all nations.

Mr. and Mrs. Leeds had a particular regard for the Clergy of all Churches; and it was a rule with him, which he never departed from, not to dispute with any about particular tenets, the practice was the main thing

which pleased or grieved him. His house was to them indeed a resting place, where they were lovingly supplied with every thing they could want or desire. And sure they did not lose their reward. How many blissful hours have they spent together; comforting and encouraging one another, praising and blessing the God of all their mercies and their hopes. Oft-times their cups ran over, and they felt a little heaven opened in their souls. The young Isabella would sometimes catch the spreading flame, and her heart be sweetly drawn out with desires to serve God, and give herself to him.—Though entitled by her birth and fortune, to move in the first circles in America, this was not her parents' wish respecting her. They desired rather to see her good, than great; and instructed her with an eye to eternity, where they hoped to meet their darling, and receive her thanks for their judicious choice.

She was neither taught dancing, music, or painting; but was well instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and astronomy. As she grew up, she read some of the most celebrated historians; her library was furnished with some of the first travels, and the most admired periodical writers: books of divinity filled the rest of the shelves; and these were the best that could be procured; containing the most essential truths of the Gospel, and written in the best manner.

Melissa was taken from the school, where she was taught the first rudiments of her education, and placed at a boarding school; where she was accomplished at a very great expence of time and money, with the things necessary to fit a young lady to shine in high life.

The young friends, however, sometimes met at each other's houses, and still retained a tender regard for each other. At fourteen, Melissa left school, highly endowed with every shining advantage that her education could confer. She was indeed the pride and ornament of the school:—Alas! sweet Melissa, what did not thy capacity, application, and pliability promise—but thou art now only fitted to become more and more a child of wrath; instead of being instructed as thy parents promised for thee, to turn thy back on the pomps and vanities of a wicked world, they have taken pains

to give thee a relish for them. Thy precious soul which is to exist through all eternity, is left to the hazard of a moment.—Ah too cruel parents! will not the immortal part of this lovely victim of folly, be required at thy hands. Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

The beauty, talents, fortune, wit, and good humour, of the fair Melissa, drew around her, early in life, a number of admirers of both sexes. Her time was either taken up with company, or in preparation for it: and at night she would hurry to bed, without one thought of God or eternity, for weeks together. Isabella on the contrary, became more thoughtful: she saw plainly, there was a life and power in religion, which she was not so happy as to enjoy. One day after having dressed herself with studied neatness, she went to pay a visit to her friend Melissa, whom she had not seen in a long time. She found her alone, playing, and singing a song much in fashion. On seeing Isabella, she hastily arose from her instrument, and taking her in her arms, embraced her with the warmest affection, and prayed her to be seated. I scarcely know you again, said Isabella, you are so tall, and so much changed in your dress since I last saw you. 'Tis a very long while, indeed, replied Melissa; your stay in the country has exceeded the usual time; and many, many things have happened since last we met. But, dear girl, your dress is too much on the Quaker order: and extremes ought always to be avoided. You know, said Isabella, the simple manner in which I have been brought up: were I to dress otherwise, it would cause pain to the best of parents; and my love and respect is such for them, I would make any sacrifice to their ease and pleasure. And now, my dear, having launched into the great world, do you find it so charming as you used to suppose? A thousand times more, said Melissa, with quickness: you cannot imagine till you have tried, how pleasant attention and attendance are. I am never alone, and scarce a day passes, without presenting me with some new pleasure, or some new pursuit. I am like a busy bee in a garden of fine flowers, where every one is so inviting I know not where to alight. It is, I believe, a good com-

parison, said Isabella smiling; but what will become of the poor little flutterer when the flowers are gone, and winter comes on, without provision. Company now began to pour in like a torrent, and Isabella's attention was wholly taken up in observation.

Isabella could not like Melissa be called a beauty, but there was that in her countenance, complexion, person, and artless manners, which would ever call forth the attention of every one, and inspire a wish to know more of her, than a short acquaintance could teach. The gentlemen one after another requested an introduction, and some of them gathering in a circle around her, endeavoured to amuse her with the useful subjects of polite conversation. Isabella frankly assured them on all these topics, she was entirely ignorant; but not without blushing at the same time, to think how she must sink from their good opinion.

The conversation began to grow lively; and more general. Melissa constantly discovered new talents for pleasing, while her sweetness and wit, kept pace with each other, and made her the life and admiration of the company. All was new to Isabella—she had never been in such a circle: she was all eye—nothing escaped her—and every impression was lively; and attended with an uneasy mixed sensation of pleasure and pain. She at length came to depart, and a young gentleman of the company waited on her home; having entered into her character, they gave the discourse a moral turn, in order to be pleasing; and when they arrived at her house, expressed the highest satisfaction from his short acquaintance, and strong desire to be permitted to visit her in future.

The good father had been expecting his darling daughter for some time with a degree of anxiety, well knowing the danger to which she was exposed. He rose as soon as he heard a knock at the door, to open it; and his sudden appearance, saved Isabella the embarasment of a reply to the above request, which was great relief.

Mr. Leeds taking her hand, conducted her to the parlour; where after she was seated a few moments, asked with a look full of meaning, And where has my

daughter been gleaning to day?—Indeed, Sir, said she, I can give you very little satisfaction on that head. I have seen something of the gay world, and find my friend Melissa immersed in its pleasures; she is beautiful and engaging, improved in her manners, and refined in her conversation. Had no ideas of accountability passed my mind, I should have found great pleasure in my visit. She then recounted all that passed.—In such circles, my child, you only see the bright side of the picture; 'tis the study of all to be agreeable, and there is nothing to alarm our virtues in these little parties; 'tis this makes them the more dangerous; the mind insensibly becomes entangled, and led away from God; and the Creature supplanteth the Creator. Tell me frankly, my Isabella, are you as happy as you were this morning. Indeed no, Sir—my mind is all afloat, and I can think of nothing, but what I have seen and heard. The novelty of the scene would naturally have this effect on you. I have indeed seen Christians essentially hurt by such improper associations: the spirit of the world is too easily caught; and when contracted, with difficulty shaken off. That professor who does not find it a painful resort to be engaged with the gay world, unless where a prospect of doing good offers, had best strictly examine his heart, to know what master he serves. But this is not your case, my beloved daughter: your baptismal vows are upon you, still unfulfilled—We have given you to God; but you have not given yourself. We have made promises in your name, which you must fulfil, or perish forever. Ah! cried her tender mother, throwing her arms about her neck, and pressing her to her bosom; how could I bear such a separation from my only child.—Oh, my Isabella! it must not be; one heaven must contain our little family. I can spare none of you, said she, clasping her husband with the other, and holding all most dear in life to her affectionate embrace.—Isabella's heart was deeply penetrated—her tears streamed—she besought the prayers of both her parents; confessed she never saw herself in such vile colours; and put up fervent, but short petitions, for assistance in her distress. From these few sincere, well-timed expostulations, of these pious parents, conviction took place in the bosom of her child,

when they least expected; and the prayer of years was answered in a moment.

They all involuntarily kneeled down, and Mr. Leeds made a solemn address to the Almighty; every word of which sunk into the heart of the young Isabella, and her tears copiously followed them. After family duty, each parent kissing and blessing their darling daughter, recommended her to Jesus, the friend of sinners: Isabella retired with the deepest humility and severe conviction, and walked slowly to her chamber. When she had shut the door, she cried out: and can one so guilty, so deserving of eternal punishment, hope for mercy and forgiveness. In a flood of tears she prostrated on the floor, and besought the Almighty for pity and pardon only for the sake of Jesus. Her agony became great: she plead for the application of one drop of that most precious blood which cleanses from all sins: she struggled and groaned—her hands were clasped together; the sweat broke out from every pore—her eyes were raised to heaven; and she was taking the kingdom by her holy violence: A ray of light broke in upon her soul, the shadows dispersed; the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in his wings. Her sorrows ceased—her burden was removed—she saw herself a new creature—and a rapture of joy and thanksgiving took place in her happy soul. I am received, said she, springing from the carpet, and my parents shall share my felicity. They were both still in prayer, and rejoicing with the heavenly host over this repenting sinner, when Isabella flew in the room, and throwing herself on her knees before her father, in a rapture of joy enlivened their devotions by shouting hallelujah's to God and the Lamb. I am happy, she exclaimed, beyond expression happy. The load of sin and guilt is entirely removed; I know Jesus tasted death for every man; for I am received, and Jesus Christ is in me the hope of glory. My dear Mama, I see with new eyes, I hear with new ears; speak to me—I can never describe how unspeakably dear you are to me at this moment. We are now, my dear daughter, said the transported father, embracing her, bound to each other by new, and more delightful ties than ever. Your looks testify to me the reality of the new birth, and I am convinced that there is not in the

wide creation, a happier parent than I feel myself at this moment. I think, said the smiling Isabella, I could fly to the end of the earth to serve my blessed master, and bring immortal souls to taste of this fountain, which affords such pure enjoyments. Ah! why, said she, are any so dead to their own interests, as to be satisfied with any thing the world can promise, or bestow. I never was happy till now—a crown and a kingdom, with every thing in the bargain which sense can demand, were baubles to what I this instant experience. After an hour praising God, and in mutual congratulations, they separated again for rest—Isabella fell asleep with the praises of God in her lips, and heart glowing with gratitude. She dreamed she was the care of guardian angels, who were visible to her eyes, were to attend her through the short journey of life, and then to conduct her to the mansions of eternal day.

[*To be Continued.*] at page 75

ON THE MISFORTUNE OF FLUCTUATING PRINCIPLES.

IF we look for any comfort in friendship or society, we must associate with those who have FIXED PRINCIPLES with respect to RELIGION: for, the most shining qualities are unstable, and not to be depended on. It has often been a matter of surprise to me, that so few people examine the tenents of the religion they profess, or are christians through conviction. They have no anchor to rest on, nor any fixed chart to direct them in the doubtful voyage of life. How then can they hope to find the haven of rest? But they think not of it, and cannot be expected to forego present advantages. Noble actions must arise from noble thoughts and views: when they are confined to the world, they must be grovelling.

Faith, with respect to the promises of eternal happiness, can only enable us to combat with our passions, with the chance of victory. There are many who pay no attention to revelation, and more who have not any fixed belief in it. The *sure word* of comfort is neglect-

ed, and how people can *live without* it, I can scarcely conceive. For as the sun renews the face of nature and chases away darkness from the world, so does this still *greater blessing* have some effect on the mind and enlightens and cheers it, *when every thing else fails.*

A true sense of our infirmities is the way to make us christians in the most extensive sense of the word. A mind depressed with a weight of weaknesses, can only find comfort in the PROMISES OF THE GOSPEL. The assistance there offered must raise the humble soul, and the account of the atonement that has been made, gives a rational ground for resting in hope until the toil of virtue is over and faith has nothing to be exercised on.

It is the fashion *now* for young men to be *deists*, and many are, by improper books sent adrift in a sea of doubts—of which there is no end. This is not a land of certainty; there is no confining the *wandering reason*, and but *one clue* to prevent its being lost in endless researches. Reason is indeed the heaven-lighted lamp in man, and may safely be trusted when not entirely depended upon—but when it pretends to discover what is beyond its ken, it certainly stretches the line too far, and runs it into absurdity. Some speculations are idle, and others hurtful, as they raise pride, and turn the thoughts to *subjects that ought to be left unexplored.* With love and awe we should think of the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, and not presume to say how he must exist who created us. How unfortunate it is, that man must sink into a brute; or else by *thinking* grow so proud as often to imagine himself a *superior being;* it is not the doubts of profound thinkers, that I here alude to, but the crude notions which young men sport away when together, and sometimes in the company of young women, to make them wonder at their superior wisdom! There cannot be any thing *more dangerous* to a mind not accustomed to think, than doubts delivered in a *ridiculing* way. They never go *deep enough* to solve them; and of course they stick by them; and though they might not influence their conduct, if a fear of the world prevents their being guilty of vices, yet their thoughts are not restrained, and they should be observed diligently, for "out of them are the issues of life." A nice sense of right and wrong ought to be ac-

quired, and then, not only great vices will be avoided, but every little meaness; *truth will reign in the inward parts, and mercy will attend her.*

I have indeed so much compassion for those young females who are entering into the world without *fixed principles*, that I would fain persuade them to *examine a little into the matter.* For though in the season of gaiety they may not feel the want of them; in that of *distress*, where will they fly for succour? Even with this support, life is a *labour of patience*—a conflict; and the utmost we gain is a small portion of peace—a kind of watchful tranquility that is liable to continual interruptions.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

THE path of life opens upon the young eye as full of flowers and sweets. It appears direct, and of an easy ascent, where nothing can annoy or interrupt. But when we have arrived at the further end of it, the view is changed.—We from that point look back upon snares we have fallen into, as well as the perils we have escaped, and become astonished that we have had a progress so successful. The hazardous journey is drawn in strong colours before our children; but they proceed on, charmed by false appearances, until they suffer in their turn, as we have done before them. We have, however, great cause of gratitude to a kind Providence, that our experience and caution, when assiduously and timely exerted, to save the greater part of our posterity from those disgraceful enormities which render the lives of a few completely wretched and miserable, and load those of others with distress and calamity.

Why then will not the young, the tender part of the community avail themselves of the wisdom of those who have gone on the path before them? Why will not the promising young man, in whose character the hopes of his parents are fondly centered, and the blooming beauty, whose countenance sheds the rays of cheerfulness round the dominicil of her family, watch the eye of experience, and hang on the lap of matured understand-

ing? If the tender love of the parents unfortunately robs them of that firmness which they ought to use in the government of their children, one ought to be led to conclude, that this alone would incline the child to search for their wishes, and to perform them with alacrity. In a life filled with temptations to errors fatal in their nature; in a path through a wilderness full of dangers and evils, one would suppose that young travellers would gladly avail themselves of the wisdom experience has given. Yet too many rush on heedlessly over the ruin of thousands who have fallen a prey in the same ways they are pursuing.

REFLECTIONS IN A GRAVE YARD.

HERE is the last stage of life's journey: here is the collecting rendezvous of suffering mortals: here is a safe retreat from the barbed shafts of malice, from pointed perils, and from misery's rod. Here, after pursuing every flattering object, we find the issue of them all. Here, from servile bondage, and oppression's iron hand, rests the wretched negro, whom chance has made a slave: here he forgets his galling state, and with his lordly tyrant sleeps equally accomodated. Here the oppressor and the injured moulder together. Here sleep the meanly living and the riotous profuse. Here, prostrate in dust, lay the degrading relicts of soaring mortals! Remember then the transient vision of terrestrial greatness, and act so as to be prepared to pay the momentary loan of Heaven's great lender.

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE PLACES AND TIMES, WHEN THE NEW TESTAMENT WAS WRITTEN.

THE GOSPELS,

ACCORDING TO DOCTOR OWEN.

St. Matthew's, — at Jerusalem, about A. D. 38.
St. Luke's — at Corinth, —— 53.

St. Mark's	— at Rome, —	63.
St. John's	— at Ephesus, —	69.

THE ACTS,

By St. Luke,	— at Rome or Alexandria,	63.

ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES,

ACCORDING TO DOCTOR LARDNER.

I. Thessalonians,	at Corinth, —	52.
II. Thessalonians,	ditto, —	52.
Galatians,	— at Corinth, —	52.
I. Corinthians,	— at Ephesus, —	56.
I. Timothy,	— at Macedonia, —	56.
Titus,	— ditto, —	56.
II. Corinthians,	— ditto, —	57.
Romans,	— at Corinth, —	58.
Ephesians,	— at Rome, —	61.
II. Timothy,	— ditto, —	61.
Philippians,	— ditto, —	62.
Colossians,	— ditto, —	62.
Philemon,	— ditto, —	62.
Hebrews,	— at Rome or in Italy,	63.

GENERAL EPISTLES,

ACCORDING TO LARDNER.

St. James,	— at Judea, —	61 or 62.
I. Peter,	— at Rome, —	64.
II. Peter,	— ditto, —	64.
Jude,	— Unknown, —	64 or 65.
I. II. and III. John,	at Ephesus, between	80 & 90.

REVELATION.

By St. John, — at Patmos or Ephesus, 95 or 96.

[See Dr. *Owen's* Observ. on the Gospels; and *Lardner's* Credibility, vol. i. and sup.]

PERSECUTION OF THE CHRISTIANS, BY NERO.

OF this, Tacitus, an heathen historian, and therefore the more unexceptionable authority, gives the follow-

ing account: "Nero, to suppress the prevailing rumour, That he was the author of the conflagration [of Rome] transferred the guilt upon supposed criminals, subjecting to most exquisite tortures those people—known to the vulgar by the name of Christians.—First, therefore, were apprehended those who openly owned themselves to be of that sect, then by them was discovered an immense multitude, and all were convicted. Their death and torture were aggravated with cruel derision and sport; for they were either covered with the skins of wild beasts, and torn in pieces by devouring dogs, or fastened to crosses, or wrapped up in combustible garments, that when day-light failed, they might, like torches, serve to dispel the darkness of the night. For this tragical spectacle Nero lent his own gardens, and and exhibited at the same time the public diversions of the circus, sometimes driving a chariot in person, and sometimes standing as a spectator—Hence, towards the sufferers, however guilty and deserving the most examplary punishment, [so speaks the heathen] compassion arose, seeing they were doomed to perish—to gratify the cruelty of one man."

[Ann. lib. xv, cap. 44.]

HOW TO KNOW THE TRUE STATE OF OUR SOULS: AND WHETHER WE ARE FIT TO DIE.—

THE most important point of knowlege, is, to know the true *state* of our souls toward God; and in what *condition* we are to die.

These two things are inseparably connected in their nature, and therefore I put them together. The knowledge of the former will determine it; for no man can tell whether he is fit for death, till he is acquainted with the true state of his own soul.

This now is a matter of such vast moment, that it is amazing any considerate man, or any one who thinks what it is to die, should rest satisfied with an uncertainty in it.—Let us trace out this important point

then with all possible plainness: and see if we cannot come to some satisfaction in it upon the most solid principles.

In order to know then whether we are fit to die, we must first know what it is that fits us for death.——And the answer to this is very natural and easy; viz. that only fit us for death, that fits us for happiness after death.

This is certain.--But the question returns. What is it that fits us for happiness after death?

Now in answer to this, there is a precious question necessary to be determined: viz. What that happiness is?

It is not a fool's paradise, or a Turkish dream of sensitive gratifications. It must be a happiness suited to the nature of the soul, and what it is capable of enjoying in a state of separation from the body. And what can that be, but the enjoyment of God, the best of beings, and the author of ours?

The question then comes to this: What is that which fits us for the enjoyment of God, in the future state of separate spirits?

And methinks we may bring this matter to a very sure and short issue: by saying it is that which makes us like to know him now.——This only is our proper qualification for the enjoyment of him after death, and therefore our only proper preparation for death. For how can they, who are unlike to God here, expect to enjoy him hereafter? And if they have no just ground to hope that they shall enjoy God in the other world, how are they fit to die?

So that the great question, Am I fit to die? resolves itself into this, Am I like to God? For it is this only that fits me for Heaven; and that which fits me for heaven is the only thing that fits me for death.

Let this point then be well searched into, and examined very deliberately and impartially.

Most certain it is, that God can take no real complacency in any but those that are like him; and it is as certain, that none but those that are like him can take pleasure in him.--But God is a most pure and holy being; a being of infinite love, mercy and patience; whose righteousness is invariable, whose veracity inviolable, and whose wisdom unerring. These are the

moral attributes of the Divine Being, in which he requires us to imitate him; the express lineaments of the Divine Nature, in which all good men bear a resemblance to him: and for the sake of which only they are the objects of his delight: for God can love none but those that bear this impress of his own image on their souls.--Do we find then visible traces of the divine image there? Can we make out our likeness to him in his holiness, goodness, mercy, righteousness, truth, and wisdom? If so, it is certain we are capable of enjoying him, and are the proper objects of his love.--By this we know we are fit to die, because by this we know we are fit for happiness after death.

Thus then, if we are faithful to our consciences, and impartial in the examination of our lives and tempers, we may soon come to a right determination of this important question, *What is the true state of our souls towards God? and in what condition are we to die*?*--Which, as it is the most important, so it is the last instance of *self-knowlege* I shall mention: and with it close the first part of this subject.

* 'Nor do I apprehend the knowlege of our state (call it assurance 'if you please) so uncommon and extraordinary a thing as some are 'apt to imagine. Understand by assurance, a satisfactory evidence 'of the thing, such as excludes all reasonable doubts and disquieting 'fears of the contrary, though it may be not all transient suspicions 'and jealousies. And such an assurance and certainty multitudes have 'attained, and enjoy the comfort of; and indeed it is of so high im-'portance that it is a wonder any thoughtful Christian, that believes 'an eternity, can be easy one week or day without it.' *Bennet's Christ. Orat. page* 569.

THE

RECANTATION

OF

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER,

A CELEBRATED DEIST,

IN FAVOUR OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE Earl of Rochester was a man of uncommon sagacity and penetration; of a fine genius, and an elegant taste; but these natural talents were accompanied with the greatest levity and licentiousness of conduct, and the most impetuous propensity to unlawful pleasures. As long, indeed, as his health enabled him to indulge his passions, his life was a continued scene of debauchery. He insulted the majesty of God, and treated the truths of religion, and the obligations of morality, with a profane sort of phrenzy that greatly exceeded the impiety of Hobbes. The repentance, however, and conversion of this nobleman were as distinguished, as had been his infidelity and wickedness. He was so happy, in the last years of a very short life, as to become sensible of his extreme folly and guilt: his repentance appeared to be unfeigned; with great fervor he supplicated the mercy of God, through the merits of Christ; professed the utmost abhorrence of the offences he had committed against the best of beings; and left the world in an humble assurance of a blessed immortality. On a just view of his sinfulness, he uttered very severe invectives against himself; stiling himself, particularly, "the vilest wretch the sun had ever shone upon." He wished "he had been a crawling leper in a ditch, a beggar, or had been confined in a dungeon, rather than have offended God as he had done." He transmitted very serious messages to those who had been his companions in sin; and thus addressed a gentleman of character, who came to visit him.—"O, remember that

you contemn God no more! He is an avenging God, and will visit you for your sins! But he will, I hope, in mercy, touch your conscience, as he hath done mine! We have been friends and sinners together, therefore, I am the more free with you! We have been mistaken in our councils and opinions; our persuasions have been false and groundless; may God grant you repentance!" On seeing the same gentleman the next day, he said, "perhaps you was offended by my plainness with you yesterday! I spoke, however, the words of truth and soberness!" And laying his hand on his breast, added, "I hope God will touch your heart!" He contemned the absurd philosophy of Hobbes, and acknowledged that it had corrupted the principles of himself and many others. He commanded that his profane writings and obscene pictures should be burnt. He wished his son might never be such a wit as he had been; or one of those wretched beings who pride themselves in reviling God and religion! He protested, that he would not wilfully commit a sin to gain a kingdom; and, for the admonition of others, subscribed the following recantation, which he ordered to be published.

"For the benefit of all those whom I may have drawn into sin by my example and encouragement, I leave to the world this my last declaration; which I deliver in the presence of the great God, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and before whom I am now appearing to be judged, testifying, that from the bottom of my soul, I detest and abhor the whole course of my former wicked life: that I think I can never sufficiently admire the goodness of God, who hath given me a true sense of my pernicious opinions and vile practices, by which I have lived without hope and without God in the world, that I have been an open enemy to *Jesus Christ*, doing the utmost despite to the holy spirit of grace; and believing, that the greatest testimony of my charity to such is, to warn them in the name of God, as they regard the welfare of their immortal souls, no more to deny his being and providence, nor despise his goodness; no more to make a mock of sin, nor contemn the pure and excellent religion of my ever blessed Re-

deemer, through whose merits alone, I, one of the greatest of sinners, do yet hope for mercy and forgiveness! Amen."

I. ROCHESTER.

Declared and done }
in the presence of }
Ann Rochester,
Robert Parsons.

Bishop Burnet's account of the life and death of the earl of Rochester; and Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History.

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

HIPPOPOTAMOS, OR RIVER-HORSE.

THE Hippopotamos, or River-Horse, is above seventeen feet long, from the snout to the intersection of the tail; above seven feet in circumference round the body, and above seven feet high; the head is near four feet long, and above nine feet in circumference. The jaws open about two feet wide, and the cutting teeth, of which it hath four in each jaw, are above a foot long.

Its feet resemble those of the elephant, and are divided into four parts. The tail is short, flat, and pointed; the hide is impenetrable to the blow of a sabre; the body is covered over with a few scattered hairs of a whitish colour. The figure of the animal is between that of an ox and a hog, and its cry between the bellowing of the one, and the grunting of the other.

It chiefly resides at the bottom of the great rivers and lakes of Africa; the Nile, the Niger, and the Zara; there it leads an indolent life, seldom disposed for action, except when excited by the calls of hunger.—Upon such occasions, three or four of them are often seen at the bottom of a river, forming a kind of line, and seizing upon such fish as are forced down by the

violence of the stream. In that element they pursue their prey with great swiftness and perseverance; they swim with much force, and remain at the bottom for thirty or forty minutes, without rising to take breath. They traverse the bottom of the stream, as if walking upon land. But it often happens, that his fishy food is not supplied in sufficient abundance; it is then forced to come upon land, where it is an aukward and unwieldy stranger; it moves but slowly, yet it commits dreadful havock among the plantations of the helpless natives, who see their possessions destroyed without daring to resist their invader. Their chief method is, by lighting fires, striking drums, and raising a cry to frighten it back to its favourite element. But if they happen to wound it, it then becomes formidable to all that oppose it; overturning whatever it meets. It possesses the same inoffensive disposition in its favourite element, that it is found to have upon land; it never attacks the mariners in their boats, as they go up or down the stream; but should they inadvertently strike against it, there is much danger of its sending them, at once, to the bottom. "I have seen," says a mariner, "one of these animals open its jaws, and seizing a boat between his teeth, at once bite, and sink it to the bottom. I have seen it, upon another occasion, place itself under one of our boats, and rising under it, overset it with six men which were in it; who, however, happily received no other injury." Such is the great strength of this animal: and from hence, probably, the imagination has been willing to match it in combat against others more fierce and equally formidable. The Crocodile and Shark have been said to engage with it, and yield an easy victory; but as the Shark is only found at sea, and the Hippopotamos never ventures beyond the mouth of fresh water rivers, it is most probable that these engagements never occurred; it sometimes happens, indeed, that the princes of Africa amuse themselves with combats, on their fresh water lakes, between this and other formidable animals; but whether the Rhinoceros or the Crocodile are of this number, we have not been particularly informed. If this animal be attacked at land, and finds itself incapable of vengeance, from the

swiftness of its enemy, it immediately returns to the river, where it plunges in head foremost, and after a short time rises to the surface, loudly bellowing, either to invite or intimidate the enemy; but though the negroes will venture to attack the Shark, or the Crocodile, in their natural element, and there destroy them, they are too well apprized of the force of the Hippopotamos to engage it; this animal, therefore, continues the uncontroled master of the river, and all others fly from its approach or become an easy prey.

As the Hippopotamos lives upon fish and vegetables, so it is probable the flesh of terrestrial animals may be equally grateful: the natives of Africa assert, that it has often been found to devour children and other creatures that it was able to surprize upon land; yet as it moves but slowly, almost every creature, endued with a common share of swiftness, is able to escape it; and this animal, therefore, seldom ventures from the river side, but when pressed by the necessities of hunger, or of bringing forth its young.

The female always comes upon land to bring forth, and it is supposed that she seldom produces above one at a time: upon this occasion, these animals are particularly timorous, and dread the approach of a terrestrial enemy: the instant the parent hears the slightest noise, it dashes into the stream, and the young one is seen to follow it with equal alacrity.

The young ones are said to be excellent eating; but the negroes, to whom nothing that has life comes amiss, find an equal delicacy in the old. Dr. Pocock has seen their flesh sold in the shambles, like beef; and it is said, that their breast, in particular, is as delicate eating as veal. As for the rest, these animals are found in great number, and as they produce very fast, their flesh might supply the countries where they are found, could those barbarous regions produce more expert huntsmen. But this creature, which once was in such plenty at the mouth of the Nile, is now wholly unknown in Lower Egypt, and is no where to be found in that river, except above the cataracts.

One can hardly tell whether to rank him among land or water animals. He sleeps on land, but passes almost

all the rest of his time under water. He has to feed under water, yet is the most unwieldy of all creatures, and cannot swim at all. He comes out of the water in an evening to sleep: and when he goes in again, he walks very deliberately in overhead, and pursues his course along the bottom, as easy and unconcerned as if it were the open air. The rivers he most frequents are very deep, and where they are clear, this affords an astonishing sight.

An animal of this size and make, must be one of the strongest in the world. It therefore required from nature no swiftness, either to avoid pursuit, or to overtake its prey, as it was designed to feed chiefly on vegetables. The manner of its feeding on them is this. When he walks into a river, he seldom looks about till he is near the middle. Here he seeks for the larger water-herbs, particularly for the root of a large water-lily. People from a boat on the surface frequently see this. He roots up these with his nose, like a hog, and his mouth and throat being very wide, swallows them up in vast morsels half chewed.

But he has frequently occasion to breathe: in order to which, when feeding at his ease, his custom is, every thirty or forty minutes, to rise to the surface of the water. This he does, by a spring from the bottom, made with all his feet at once. Having taken a little fresh air, and looked about him, he drops to the bottom again.

A PORTRAIT OF A MAN OF PLEASURE.

Shewing the dreadful end of those who live in the gaieties of life, and spurn at the religion of Jesus Christ.

I AM about to represent to you the last hours of a person of high birth, and high spirit; of great parts, and strong passions, every way accomplished, nor least in iniquity. His unkind treatment was the death of a most

amiable wife; and his great extravagance, in effect, disinherited his only child.

The *death bed* of a profligate, is next in horror to the abyss, to which it leads. It has the most of hell that is visible on earth. And he that has seen it, has more than *faith* to confirm him in his creed. I see it now. For who can forget it? Are there in it no flames, and furies?---You know not, then, what a scared imagination can figure; what a guilty heart can feel. How dismal is it! The two great enemies of soul and body, *sickness*, and *sin*, sink and confound his friends; silence and darken the shocking scene. Sickness excludes the *light* of heaven; and sin, its blessed *hope*. Oh! double darkness! more than *Egyptian!* Acutely to be *felt!*

How unlike those illuminated revels of which he was the soul? Did this poor, pallid, scarce-animated mass dictate in the cabinet of pleasure; pronounce the fashion; and teach the gaiest to be gay? Are these the trophies of his *Paphian* conquests? these the triumphs to be bought with heaven? Is this he who smote all their hearts with envy at his pre-eminence in guilt? See how he lies a sad, deserted out-cast, on a narrow isthmus between time and eternity! for he is scarce alive. Lashed and overwhelmed on one side, by the sense of sin; on the other, by the dread of punishment! Beyond the reach of human help, and in despair of divine!

The ghost of his murdered time (for now no more is left) all stained with folly, and gashed with vice, haunts his distracted thought. Conscience which long had slept, awakes like a giant refreshed with wine; lays waste all his former thoughts, and desires; and, like a long-deposed, now victorious prince, on his bleeding heart, imposes, inflicts, its own. Its late soft whispers are thunder in his ears; and all means of grace rejected, exploded, ridiculed, is the bolt that strikes him dead. Dead even to the thoughts of death. In deeper distress, despair of life is forgot. He lies a wretched wreck of man on the shore of eternity, and the next breath he draws, blows him off into ruin.

The sad evening before the death of that noble youth, whose last hours suggested these thoughts, I was with him. No one was there but his physician, and an inti-

mate whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in he said,

"You and the physician are come too late.---I have neither life nor hope. You both aim at miracles. You would raise the dead."

Heaven, I said, was merciful.

"Or I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to bless, and to save me?----I have been too strong for Omnipotence! I plucked down ruin."

I said, the blessed Redeemer----

Hold! hold! you wound me! That is the rock on which I split----I denied his name."

Refusing to hear any thing from me, or take any thing from the physician, he lay silent, as far as sudden darts of pain would permit, 'till the clock struck. Then with vehemence;

"Oh, Time! Time! It is fit thou shouldst thus strike thy murderer to the heart---How art thou fled for ever! A month---Oh, for a single week! I ask not for years. Though an age were too little for the much I have to do."

On my saying, we could not do too much: That heaven was a blessed place----

"So much the worse. 'Tis lost! 'Tis lost!---Heaven is to me the severest part of hell!"

Soon after, I proposed prayer.

"Pray you that can. I never prayed. I cannot pray. Nor need I. Is not heaven on my side already! It closes with my conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own."

His friend being much touched, even to tears, at this (who could forbear; I could not) with a most affectionate look, he said:

"Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee. Dost weep for me? That's cruel. What can pain me more?"

Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him.

"No, stay, *thou* still mayest *hope*;---Therefore hear me. How madly have I talked? How madly hast thou listened, and believed? But look on my present state, as a full answer to thee, and to myself. This body is all

weakness and pain; but my soul, as if stung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason; full mighty to suffer. And that which thus triumphs within the jaws of mortality, is, doubtless, *immortal*.----And, as for a *deity*, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I feel."

I was about to congratulate this passive, involuntary confessor, on his asserting the two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature; when he thus, very passionately:

"No, no! let me speak on, I have not long to speak. My much injur'd friend! my soul, as my body, lies in ruins; in scattered fragments of broken thought: Remorse for the past, throws my thoughts on the future. Worse dread of the future, strikes it back on the past, I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake; and bless heaven for the flame; ---That is not an everlasting flame; that is not an unquenchable fire."

"Oh! thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent, Lord God! hell itself, is a refuge, if it hides me from thy frown."

Soon after, his understanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgot. And ere the sun (which I hope has saw few like him) arose, the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and most wretched, *Altamont** expired.

"Ye staunch pursuers of *pleasure*, opening in full cry on its burning scent! who run yourselves out of breath, health, credit, estate, and often life, after that you cannot catch! For a moment slacken your speed, and cool the fervor of your chace. It is a friend that calls, and he is his own, that hears.

"Consider, my good friends! you still retain the name of Christians; and have heard of the scriptures. To speak their language, If Christians are racers, you have not yet started: If warriors, your armour is not yet on: If labourers in the vineyard, you pluck down the vine, and get drunk with the grapes: If watchers, your nap is not yet over. There is no man, but in

* It is believed, on good authority, that this person was Lord Bolingbrook, a famous Deist.

some part of life, either stung by self-moved conscience, or alarmed by some providential event, as out of a long idle dream, starts at once, into his senses. The longer the dream, the greater his surprise and pain; and, if he nods to the last, the pain and horror (as too well has been proved) is inexpressible.

"Have you never consulted the workings of nature! Have you never been surprised with a serious *feeling* of heart? When I stand, though a stranger, on the verge of another's grave; when I see the shaken mould take possession of human pride; and hear the solemn sound of *dust to dust;* what swelling of soul, but instantly subsides? What salutary thoughts, but, at once, it inspires?

SOME ACCOUNT

Of the Fees of the Pope's Chancery, for Absolutions, Licences, Indulgencies, &c.

	*Grossos**
ABSOLUTIONS.	
For lying with a woman in the church, -	6
For wilful perjury, - - - - -	6
A priest for simony, - - - - -	7
A layman for murdering a layman, - -	5
For killing father, mother, wife, sister, or other relative, - - - - - -	7
For a priest that keeps a concubine, - -	7
For defiling a virgin, - - - - - -	6
For lying with mother, or sister, &c. - -	5
For robbery, or burning a neighbour's house, -	8
For forging letters apostolical, - - -	17 or 18
For a king going to the holy sepulchre without licence, - - - - - -	100
LICENCES.	
To change a vow of going to Rome, - -	12
That a king, on Christmas-day morning, may have a naked sword borne before him, as the Pope has, - - - -	150
To have a portable altar, - - - - -	10
To eat flesh in Lent, &c. - - -	12 or 16

* A Grosso is somewhat more than our groat.

That one who preaches before a king, may give indulgence to all his hearers,	12
For a town that has used green wax in its seal, to use red, - - - -	50
For a layman to chuse his confessor, -	10

INDULGENCIES.

For an hospital or chapel for seven years, -	50
That a layman may remove the relics of his saints to his own chapel, -	16
For a remission of the third part of one's sins,	100

The above account is correctly taken from *Taxa S. Cancellariæ Apostolicæ edid. L. Blanch. Fran.* 1651. where p. 79, (speaking of matrimonial dispensations) are these remarkable words----

"N. B. These benefits cannot be given to the poor; because they have not, therefore they cannot be comforted."

Of this famous book there was no less than fifteen editions at different places abroad between A. D. 1514 and 1700.

*** Indulgencies were often granted to whole fraternities, and sometimes for a thousand years or more.

"'Tis almost incredible what sums of money are drawn into the Pope's coffer, by these and other little devices that depend upon them; as masses, requiems, trentals, obits; as also by Peter-pence, tenths, first fruits, appeals, investitures; by the sale of Agnus Dei's consecrated beads, and such like ware, sent from Rome every year; by dispensations, mortuaries, pilgrimages to the apostolic see, especially at the jubilee. Some have computed, that the tenths and first fruits in this nation, amounted to above twenty thousand pounds per annum, which was no small sum in those times, nay, one archbishop's pall (Walter Grey's of York) cost ten thousand pounds sterling, says Matthew Paris. In our Henry the third's time, it was reckoned that the Pope's revenue out of this nation, exceeded the king's; and some that have endeavoured to make the estimate, tell us, that there went sixty thousand marks yearly out of this land to Rome; in collecting which sums, the frauds and cruelties of their agents were such, that a great bigot of the Pope's, and a hot stickler in Becket's

cause, John Sarish, assures us, "that the legates of the apostolical seat did tyrannize over the provinces, as if the devil was gone out from the presence of the Lord to scourge the church.

"Nor had our neighbours much better treatment; the same trade was carried on in other countries, witness the complaint of the Germans in their hundred grievances; and that of the council of Spain, mentioned by Sandys in his Europæ Speculum, viz. that Pope Pius V. had got fourteen millions out of that kingdom in a short space. And Ciracella affirms, that Pope Sixtus V. in five years time collected five millions of crowns; four millions of which Gregory XIV. his successor, wasted in pomp and riot in less than ten months.

"Now need we wonder at this, considering how many hands were employed? The grand fisherman at Rome had a multitude in every country to angle partly for him, and partly for themselves. Alstead reckons above one hundred years ago, that there were then at least 225,044 monasteries in Christendom; and if you allow forty persons to a house, the number will be more than nine millions. Now all these, and the rest of the ecclesiastics, which, like locusts, had overspread the face of the earth, lived upon the plunder of the people; and besides, they had a thousand little tricks and devices in getting money; they could sell a dead man's bones at a vast sum; Austin's particularly (that were translated from Hippo to Sardina) were purchased at an hundred talents of silver, and a talent of gold: and having almost an infinite variety of ware which they put off at no small rate, taking advantage of the superstition and credulity of their silly chapmen." [BENNETS's Mem. of the Reform. p. 27—29. See also FULLER's Church Hist. book v.]

ON SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

LET *all your Self-knowledge be reduced into practice.* The right improvement of that knowledge we have, is the best way to attain more.

The great end of self-knowledge is self-government; without which it is but an useless speculation. And as

all knowledge is valuable in proportion to its end, so this is the most excellent kind of knowledge, only because the practice of it is of such extensive use, as hath been already shewn.

" Above all other subjects (says an ancient pious writer) study thine ownself. For no knowledge that terminates in curiosity or speculation, is comparable to that which is of use ; and of all useful knowledge, that is most so which consists in the due care and just notions of ourselves. This sudy is a debt which every one owes himself. Let us not then be so lavish, so unjust, as not to pay this debt; by spending some part, at least, if we cannot all or most of our time and care upon that which has the most indefeasible claim to it. Govern your passions; manage your actions with prudence; and, where false steps have been made, correct them for the future. Let nothing be allowed to grow headstrong and disorderly; but bring all under discipline; set all your faults before your eyes; and pass sentence upon yourself with the same severity as you would do upon another, for whom no partiality hath biassed your judgment."

What will our most exact and diligent self-researches avail us, if after all we sink into indolence and sloth? Or what will it signify to be convinced that there is a great deal amiss in our deportments and dispositions, if we sit still contentedly under that conviction, without taking one step towards a reformation? It will indeed render us but the more guilty in the sight of God. And how sad a thing will it be to have our self-knowledge hereafter rise up in judgment against us!—

" Examination is in order to correction and amendment. We abuse it and ourselves, if we rest in the duty without looking farther. We are to review our daily walk, that we may reform it ; and consequently a daily review will point out to us the subject and matter of our future daily care."——' This day, (says the Christian upon his review of things at night) I lost so much time; particularly at ——. I took too great a liberty, particularly in——. I omitted such an opportunity that might have been improved to a better purpose. I mismanaged such a duty——I find such a corruption often working; my old infirmity——still cleaves to me ;

how easily doth this sin beset me!—Oh! may I be more attentive for the time to come, more watchful over my heart; take more heed to my ways; May I do so the next day!'—' The knowledge of a distemper is a good step to a cure; at least, it directs to proper methods and applications in order to it. Self-acquaintance leads to self-reformation. He that at the close of each day calls over what is past, inspects himself, his behaviour and manners, will not fall into that security, and those uncensured follies that are so common and so dangerous.'

And it may not be improper, in order to make us sensible of, and attentive to some of the more secret faults and foibles of our tempers, to pen them down at night, according as they appeared during the transactions of the day. By which means, we shall not only have a more distinct view of that part of our character to which we are generally most blind; but shall be able to discover some defects and blemishes in it, which perhaps we never apprehended before. For the wiles and doublings of the heart are sometimes so hidden and intricate, that it requires the nicest care and most steady attention to detect and unfold them.

For instance; ' This day I read an author whose sentiments were very different from mine, and who expressed himself with much warmth and confidence. It excited my spleen, I own, and I immediately passed a severe censure upon him. So that had he been present, and talked in the same strain, my ruffled temper would have prompted me to use harsh and ungrateful language, which might have occasioned a very unchristian contention. But I now recollect, that though the author might be mistaken in those sentiments (as I still believe he was) yet by his particular circumstances in life, and the method of his education, he has been strongly led into that way of thinking. So that his prejudices are pardonable; but my uncharitableness is not; especially considering that in many respects he has the ascendant of me.—This proceeded then from uncharitableness, which is one fault of my temper I have to watch against; and which I never was before so sensible of, as I am now upon this recollection. Learn more moderation, and more allowances for the mistaken opinions of others for the future. Be as charitable to others who

differ from you, as you desire they should be to you, who differ as much from them. For it may be, you cannot be more assured of being in the right than they are.

" Again; this day I found myself strongly inclined to put in something by way of abatement to an excellent character given of an absent person by one of his great admirers. It is true, I had the command of myself to hold my tongue. And it is well I had; for the ardour of his zeal would not have admitted the exception (though I still think that in some degree it was just) which might have raised a wrangling debate about his character, perhaps at the expence of my own; or however occasioned much animosity and contention.—But I have since examined the secret spring of that impulse, and find it to be Envy; which I was not sensible of; but my antagonist had certainly imputed it to this. And had he taken the liberty to have told me so, I much question whether I should have had the temper of the philosopher; who, when he was really injured, being asked whether he was angry or no, replied, No; but I am considering with myself whether I ought not to be so. I doubt I should not have had so much composure; but should have immediately resented it as a false and malicious aspersion. But it was certainly envy, and nothing else; for the person who was the object of the encomium was much my superior in many respects. And the exception that arose to my mind was the only flaw in his character; which nothing but a quick sighted envy could descry. Take heed then of that vice for the future.

" Again; this day I was much surprized to observe in myself the symptoms of a vice, which of all others, I ever thought myself most clear of; and have always expressed the greatest detestation of in others; and that is covetousness. For what else could it be that prompted me to withhold my charity from my fellow creature in distress, on pretence that he was not in every respect a proper object; or to dispense it so sparingly to another, who I knew was so, on pretence of having lately been at a considerable expence upon another occasion? This could proceed from nothing else but a latent principle of covetousness; which, though I never before observed in myself, yet it is likely others have.

O how inscrutable are the depths and deceits of the human heart! Had my enemy brought against me a charge of indolence, or self indulgence, pride, and impatience, or a too quick resentment of affronts and injuries, my own heart must have confirmed the accusation, and forced me to plead guilty. Had he charged me with bigotry, self-opinion, and censoriousness, I should have thought it proceeded from the same temper in himself, having rarely observed any thing like it in my own. But had he charged me with covetousness, I should have taken it for downwright calumny, and despised the censure with indignation and triumph. And yet after all, I find it had been but too true a charge.—O! how hard a thing it is to know myself?—This, like all other knowledge, the more I have of it, the more sensible I am of my want of it."

The difficulty of self-government and self-possession arises from the difficulty of a thorough self-acquaintance, which is necessary to it. I say a thorough self-acquaintance, such as has been already set forth in its several branches. For as self-government is simply impossible (I mean considered as a virtue) where self-ignorance prevails, so the difficulty of it will decrease in proportion to the degree in which self-acquaintance increases.

Many, perhaps, may be ready to think this a paradox; and imagine that they know their predominant passions and foibles very well, but still find it extremely difficult to correct them. But let them examine this point again, and perhaps they may find that that difficulty arises either from their defect of self-knowledge (for it is in this as in other kinds of knowledge, wherein some are very ready to think themselves much greater proficients than they are) or else from their neglect to put in practice that degree of self-knowledge they have. They know their particular failings, yet will not guard against the immediate temptations to them. And they are often betrayed into the immediate temptations which overcome them, because they are ignorant of, or do not guard against, the more remote temptations, which led them into those which are more immediate and dangerous, which may not improperly be called the temptations to temptations; in observing and guarding against

which, consists a very necessary part of self-knowledge, and the greater art of keeping clear of danger: which, in our present state of frailty, is the best means of keeping clear of sin.

For the CHRISTIAN CABINET.

ELEGIAC LINES ON THE DEATH OF

JAMES WILLIAMS,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE IN THE FEVER OF 1799.

AND is he gone....the youth belov'd so well,
To the bright regions....evermore to dwell....
Ah lovely lad! thou hast outstrip'd the wind,
And left thy weeping friends to mourn behind.
With joy he flew to the bright worlds above,
To sing the wonders of redeeming love:
Dissolv'd in joy, where he with angels sing
Melodious anthems to their sovereign king;
While flaming heralds swift as lightning flies,
With sounding trumpets thro' the ethereal skies:
Before the dazzling throne they cast their crowns,
While thrilling symphonies thro' heaven abounds.
There golden clouds with ruddy cherubs shine
Around young WILLIAMS in the song divine.
Arise my soul,
While these pure brilliant sights attract thy eyes,
And their harmonious sonnets strike thy ear,
To sing with seraphs, and with saints adore
The grace that steer'd him to the blissful shore:
The blissful shore, the fair celestial plains,
Where angels dwell, where Jesus ever reigns.

T..... B.....n.

May 21, 1802.

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

RETIRE;—the world shut out;—thy thoughts call home;—
Imagination's airy wing repress;—
Lock up the senses;- -let no passion stir;---

Wake all to reason; let her reign alone;----
Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire:
What am I? and from whence?---I nothing know,
But that I am, and, since I am, conclude
Something eternal. Had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been. Eternal there must be.----
But what eternal?—Why not human race;
And ADAM's ancestors without an end!
That's hard to be conceiv'd; since ev'ry link
Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail.
Can ev'ry part depend, and not the whole?
Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;
I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.
Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—Eternal too?—
Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
Would want some other father.—Much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes:
Design implies intelligence, and art:
That can't be from themselves,—or man: That art,
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
And nothing greater, yet allow'd than man.—
Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form an universe of dust.
Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms,
And boundless flights, from shapeless, and repos'd?
Has matter more than motion? has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd
In mathematics? has it fram'd such laws,
Which, but to guess, a NEWTON made immortal?
If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,
Who think a clod inferior to a man!
If art, to form, and counsel to conduct,
And that with greater far than human skil,
Resides not in each block;—a GODHEAD reigns.

THE

CHRISTIAN CABINET.

No. 3. Vol. I.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

TWO YOUNG LADIES, CONTRASTED.

[BY A LADY.]

The beginning of this is at Page 42

(Continued from page 49.)

ISABELLA, after enjoying one of the sweetest nights she ever experienced, arose with the rising sun, her thoughts all pure and heavenly—and hastened to pour out her soul to God; and to beseech him, to enable her to guard with watchful care, the sacred treasure entrusted to her. She felt an intercourse was open through the new, the living way, and was sensible her prayers were heard. Answers of peace descended from above, and illumined her happy soul. She arose from her knees strengthened and refreshed; and walking down stairs, found the family had already met for duty. Here she found the pressure of the Lord, and indeed all around partook of the heavenly grant. At breakfast the conversation was all on good subjects; and such rules for holy living were laid down for Isabella, as she never departed from to her dying day. Breakfast being cleared away, and the order for the day given by Mrs. Leeds, the mother and daughter composedly

sitting at their sewing, and conversing with glowing hearts on divine subjects; when a loud rap was heard. There is company, said a servant—shewing in Melissa and Theodore, the young gentleman who had waited on Isabella home. Mrs. Leeds and her daughter received them with an easy friendly politeness that knew no embarrassments. This day, said Mrs. Leeds, addressing herself to Melissa, is your young friend's birth-day, and I am glad to see you: we have sent to some of our most intimate acquaintances to come, and share our joy. Indeed, said Melissa, I wish you much happiness, and many returns of this period: If my cousin was not present, I should be rude enough, to ask how old you are, for I am so giddy, that I have forgot.—I ought to blush, said Isabella, to acknowledge before any one, that I am but a babe, scarce a day old—but I have reason to be very thankful, that though much of my time has been spent unwisely, yet that God has not forgotten to be gracious. I always thought you a very religious girl; and if I were half as good, I should think myself sure of heaven. Ah! no: I have not known religion till now —believe me, my dear Melissa, I would not be the silly thing I was yesterday for a thousand worlds. I wish, said she, her colour heightening, and her eyes sparkling with the fire of love, I wish I could convey into your bosom the peace and happiness that has attended me thro' this day. I am in a new world, and every thing conspires to encrease my felicity.

You surprise me, said Melissa, what mighty discovery have you made that contributes to elevate your looks and deportment above the rest of your fellows. She now had a fair opportunity to give her friend an account of the change she had experienced; which she did in the sweetest, and most artless manner--her bosom throbbing with hope, that her young companions might be persuaded to set out with her, on a journey to heaven. To them all was wonderful—they had never before heard, or never attended to a Christian experience, and did not suppose such things were known since the days of St. Paul. After a visit of an hour or more, Mr. Leeds entered. He was uncommonly happy, and seemed in all things like a pure inhabitant of another region. He received Theodore in a sweet and easy manner; and

going up to Melissa, he said, taking both her hands, you look well, my dear, I think you have the advantage of your friend in height; I am glad to see you: This is a great day with us, and I want you to share in our happiness. That I hope always to have a heart to do, said Melissa.

Religion, my child, hath enjoyments the most elevated, the human mind is susceptible of; they come from God—they lead to him: to be capable of them, we must be formed anew; a thorough change must take place in all our passions, affections, and desires; this may be the work of a short time, as in the case of my Isabella; but to know ourselves is always the beginning of wisdom. If we would only listen to the Spirit of God, we should find we have daily calls from Heaven: But alas! how few regard these solemn admonitions, every one of which, will appear in the great day of account against us, and condemn the guilty. Tell me, said he, have you not seen the vanity of created things, and have not even these said, happiness is not in us? Why certainly, said Melissa, I have sometimes been disappointed when I promised myself too much; but that was my own fault, and I submitted to the punishment—but I have no quarrel with the world—I find it a very pleasant one—and I should be very unreasonable, not to be well content with my portion of enjoyment. You are young, and have yet only seen one side of the picture: but I will venture to say, should you live a few years longer, you will taste with thousands a mingled cup. Admitting you now are happy, will it bear reflection, when you consider, that here, you have no continuance—that in a year, a month, a week hence, you may be in eternity. And whither will these boasted pleasures lead. What is the tendency of a life of ease, or laborious nothingness.—Great heaven! what would be my death-bed reflections, had I given my Isabella what the world calls a polite education, and placed her in the first circles of company in N. Y.—in other words, into the paths which lead to ruin, and eternal woe; trained my child for destruction, and put her in the high road to ruin. What will most of the parents in this city have to answer, when summoned before the great white throne, for the manner in which sons and daughters have been ushered into life. Alas!

poor things! scarce possible they should be saved! fashion is followed in the choice of churches; from what quarter shall the truths of religion reach their ears; and if haply they hear the sound, how shall it find admittance in hearts entirely given up to the world, and its delusive pleasures. For my part, I tremble for the old and the young, when I take a view of the upper walks in life, and the thousands who are influenced by their examples; the abuse of time, wealth, and influence, are awful considerations—these are the talents that will be required of us with interest. To apply the money given to plays, balls, dress, and sumptuous furniture, to the relief of the indigent, and furnish the shivering inhabitants of some wretched dwelling, with comfortable fires for them and their little ones, sure would give more heart-felt pleasure, than any of these idle gratifications can confer. I would enjoy both, said Melissa: while there is one fellow creature within your knowledge in circumstances of distress, that you might relieve, by staying from a play, you cannot without guilt partake in that amusement. Be just to yourself, throw off the fopperies of dress, and give your superfluities away; cease to do evil—learn to do well, and God will come. Tell me, art thou not almost persuaded to be a Christian, said Isabella, with a soft persuasive look? I have a great respect for religion, said Melissa modestly, and have lately had a very pressing invitation to become a member of the church; and I have very serious thoughts on the subject. I am glad to hear you have serious thoughts on so important a subject, said Mr. Leeds; I hope if you see it necessary to take such a step, you will give yourself up to God—never to dance again—never to sing a vain song—never to go to a play—to enter into no company merely for amusement—to covenant with your eyes, that they should no more lead you into vanity, or the pomp of ornament. Hold, sir, if you carry matters thus far, who has a right to go to the altar—none but the renewed in heart, and in life, or those who are seeking such a renovation: Take my advice, my young friend; seek first the kingdom of heaven with your whole heart, before you offer yourself at the communion. You can never be a partaker of the body and blood of Christ while in your sins, and that little previous preparation which is

made by some of the members, is a mere bagatelle, and will avail no more than a dispensation from the Pope. The repentance which is genuine, and which only can be accepted, implies a renunciation of all sin, and a solemn determination to love God. I have, said Melissa, never before heard of such requirements. Read over the service of your own church—you will find them all there. Oh! said Mr. Leeds, how much is the contagion, and bad effect of example to be lamented; how many has it led to everlasting ruin. The good people who were invited to dinner, now came into the room, and Melissa and Theodore got up; they were warmly pressed by all parties to stay, but Melissa supposed she could not dispense with some engagements, and making a courtesy, withdrew.

When they were seated in the carriage, why Melissa, said Theodore, did you tear me away from the best company I ever was in? I tear you away—I am surprised you should say so, I am sure I should have very gladly have left you behind; but you sat like a statue—I believe the sound of your voice was never heard; indeed, said he, I was over-awed by superior goodness, and never was so small in my own eyes. I wondered for my part you had the courage to say as much as you did. Had I sat as you, we should have been a singular company. Isabella I thought looked like an angel; Melissa, how did you feel, when she spoke with such animation on the subject of her change? I was all eye, all ear, and could not spare a moment to cast a look on any other object; upon my word, said Melissa, you improve in gallantry; excuse me, my dear cousin, I mean not to offend you; why, to tell the truth, said Melissa, I was taken up as much as you; there was something in Isabella's manner I never discovered before, and I could with difficulty at times restrain my tears, her eye seemed to penetrate, and I thought she saw all my follies at one view; she is a pious girl, and I shall ever love her. And her mother, said Theodore, how placid—how sweet—how simple her manners---her attire, her words, her looks, all say I am on the wing for eternity, and am loosened from sublunary attachments.

I have always loved and respected her, replied Melissa, and have thought I would give the world if mamma was just like her; for I do think that religion becomes old age very much—and I am sure it becomes youth; I dare not tell on which side the scale turned, while I was comparing you and Isabella; indeed I have fallen in love with simplicity, and know not if I shall ever admire a fashionable fine lady again. Not till the next assembly, replied Melissa. I don't know that I shall ever go to another. You surprise me, this is sudden, but perhaps you are going to qualify yourself for a visitant to Mr. Leeds. I should be most happy in such a qualification, and have many thanks to make my dear cousin for this agreeable introduction, of which I shall certainly avail myself. The carriage now stopt at Malissa's house, she hurried to her chamber to dress for dinner, and Theodore returned home thoughtful, and his mind fully occupied with the occurrences of the morning.

At dinner, where a large company were assembled, Melissa related some of the conversation that passed between Mr. Leeds and herself. The conclusion drawn, was, that Mr. Leeds was a deceived man, and that he ought never to be forgiven for training up so fine a girl as his daughter in so obscure a manner. Melissa insisted that the old people were the first characters in point of dignity she had ever met with, that religion wore in them a beautiful and benign aspect, that invited, while it awed; that as to Isabella, she was quite captivating, and looked as pure as the new fallen snow. I think, said Melissa's mother, I should have much to answer for, had I given you, my dear, as few advantages as poor Isabella. Indeed, mamma, you would be of a different opinion, was you to hear Mr. Leeds on that subject; he made me feel very solemn when he spoke of a fashionable education; and how impossible for parents to acquit themselves before the eternal judge.

This last observation threw a damp on the conversation. A long pause ensued: truth is commanding, and there are moments when it will be heard. But soon a new subject was started entirely foreign, and thus ended dinner.

In the evening, another set of company drove every serious impression from Melissa's heart. After chatting and laughing away the precious moments of so short a life, at ten the giddy triflers went to their respective homes, and Melissa sat down to the harpsicord, to pass the tedious hour till bed-time; played a few tunes for papa and mamma, drank a glass of wine, eat a piece of cake, warmed her feet at the fire; and then ringing the bell for candles, each moved to their different apartments, and got to bed without once bending the knee in thankful adoration to the bountiful Donor of all the mercies they were the subjects of. After Melissa's first nap, she awoke full of consternation and dread. She dreamed her friend Isabella appeared to her in shining white; that she had the look and manner of an inhabitant of light; that she came up to her with a hurried step, and taking her hand, professed for her the tenderest attachment. I am come once more, said she, to beseech you to break off from your vain amusements, and gay companions; cast them all away, my dear Melissa, or you are undone forever. Cruel Isabella! why do you thus alarm and terrify me; what have I done to deserve eternal punishment? You are unpardoned, unwashed; you are yet in your sins, and God out of Christ is a consuming fire: he is so pure, so holy! he could not save you if he would, without sprinkling. There is yet an open door—there is yet a covert to fly to—and I am sent to warn you.—Behold this candle; mark how near its dissolution it is—there is not time for hesitation or debate—cry for mercy, it may yet be found. Come with me, and I will conduct you to the house of prayer: cast in your lot with the people of God, and lose not a moment; with this she thought Isabella took her hand, and flew with her thro' the streets, and they went in together to a church.—Here she heard for the first time, preaching that made her uneasy; but on coming out, she found a chariot waiting at the door: two young gentlemen looking for her—through the crowd she lost sight of her guardian Isabella, and getting in the carriage, when it stopt at the door of her own house, she awoke. She lay a long time anxiously waiting the approach of day, and if possible to lose the painful, solemn reflections which occupied her whole soul. She arose some time before her usual hour,

thoughtful, and deeply concerned at this uncommon dream. Many reflections occupied her mind with respect to repenting and giving up the world; Isabella's winning looks, and earnest manner, again, and again presented themselves to her imagination, and seemed to say, come with me my dearest friend, seek with me the kingdom of heaven—but the devil always suggested —it is but a dream, and why should you exchange substantial happiness, for imaginary evils; you are in high health, and may with propriety, look forward to length of days, and as great a proportion of felicity as generally falls to the lot of mortals. But should Mr. Leeds be right, I am in a fearful state. Look around, and see, who is on his side? Was he not yesterday universally condemned by some of the most sensible men in the state. If he is in the way to heaven, I do not know one of my extensive acquaintance, his family excepted, but are in the direct contrary path. I will not give way to such confined notions of the Deity. Poor dear Melissa! had you consulted your bible, instead of reasoning with your soul's enemy, you would have seen, that broad is the way that leads to destruction; and narrow the path in which is the Christian's journey.

[*To be continued.*]

Continued at page (121)

A REMARKABLE ACCOUNT OF

THREE JEWISH CHILDREN.

IN the month of July, 1713, three Jewish children at Berlin, daughters of Isaac Veit; the oldest about twelve and the youngest eight, came to the Rev. Mr Rollman, Lutheran minister of the parish of St. Mary, desiring to speak with him. Being admitted, the oldest thus addressed him: "Sir, my sisters and I come to request your instructions, and to beg your protection: We desire to embrace Christianity, that we may have part in Jesus of Nazareth the true Messiah, who died for us,

as well as for all other men; we love him ardently, and it is out of love to the crucified Immanuel, that we can no longer consent to be with our parents." Mr. Rollman was exceedingly surprised at this speech; but conceiving that the children had met with some vexations at home, he exhorted them to be obedient and to submit to their parents: but they, all three, went down upon their knees, beseeching him in the name of Jesus, whom they loved and adored, to receive them; protesting that nothing in the world had induced them to leave the house of their parents, but only their desire of being united to the Lord; and declaring, let the consequence be what it would, that they were determined rather to die, than to forsake Jesus. Upon which the minister at last took them into his house.

The parents, after a long search for the children, were at length informed of their being at Mr. Rollman's, and hastened to demand them of him. Mr. Rollman told them, that he had thought it his duty to acquaint the king with this matter, and it was therefore now out of his power to give up the children against their own will, till he should receive his majesty's commands on that head; promising, however, not to tell the children that they were under the king's protection. Hereupon his majesty nominated a committee of four clergymen, two of them Lutherans, and the other two reformed, ordering them to examine the affair as minutely and exactly as possible, and particularly to deliberate on the following query:

"Whether one could in conscience, and without violating the rights of the parents over their children, receive those girls, place them under the king's protection, and bring them up in the Christian faith, contrary to the will of their father and mother."

The commissioners then had the children brought before them by the king's authority, in order to examine them. The father and mother were placed in an adjoining apartment where they could hear all the questions put to their children, as well as their answers. Each of the children was examined separately, and the answers of all were unanimously, "that they would not return to their father's house, but would become Chris-

tians that they might be saved." They knew already the Lord's prayer, divers texts of scripture from the New-Testament, some spiritual hymns, and the like, and the youngest could say the Apostle's Creed: They said, they had learned all this of Christian children, being permitted by their parents to be with them, and even sometimes to eat and sleep at the houses of Christians. They recited all they had learned with peculiar devoutness, declaring they were resolved to live and die in no other but the Christian faith.

Various means were used by the committee to try their constancy and sincerity. The greatest difficulties, that could reasonably be foreseen, were mentioned to each of them apart: it was represented to them on the one hand, that they would probably be despised and forsaken even by the Christians themselves, and would be obliged to earn their bread with much trouble and hard working. They replied to this, that they were resolved to work their fingers to the bones, provided they could have the happiness of being the children of God, and heirs of eternal salvation; and if they were ever so miserable in this world, they were sure that a better state awaited them in the world to come.

On the other hand they were told, that if they would stay among the Jews, they might live comfortably, and even in affluence; and it was well known that their parents had got very fine clothes made for them, &c. To which they answered, they did not regard that, nor care for clothes which they must leave behind them one day; that they wanted something heavenly, and desired to be saved: But would not go back to their parents.

After the examination, the father and mother were called in, and permitted to talk to their children: this they did, as may easily be imagined, in the most tender and moving manner, falling about their necks, embracing and kissing their hands, in floods of tears. The children were much affected, and shed many tears, but declared constantly, they would become Christians, and not go home again. The oldest, of whom the mother was particularly fond, was most pressingly entreated by her to return; but she said, "No, mother, I will not come back: but do you rather become a Christian yourself." The children being wearied with the entreaties of their parents, endeavoured to hide themselves by running to the

commissioners, who on their side, pushed them away, telling them, that it was ill done of them to forsake a father and mother, who loved them so tenderly, and who, even now had given them such handsome presents; and that, on the contrary, they must expect nothing but crosses and hardships among the Christians, who would perhaps scarcely afford them a morsel of bread; in a word, that they would be very miserable. But all this made not the smallest impression upon them.

The parents being withdrawn, the children were once more exhorted to return to them. But they answered without hesitating, and with a constancy that surprised every one; they were ready to endure every thing for the love of Jesus. At last they were asked, in case their father and mother would become christians, would they return home to them? To which they replied with joy, if their parents would become christians, they would with all their heart go home to them, and willingly endure all manner of misery and afflictions; but without this was the case, they would by no means go back. That they loved Jesus more than any thing that could be offered to them in this world, and would cheerfully take upon them his cross. They were willing to be put to any trial, if the gentlemen thought fit, to make proof of their sincerity, and would with all their heart do any work that might be imposed on them as a task. The youngest said, "If you do not choose to give me any thing, you may let me die of hunger, or you may cut my head off; for I had rather die than be separated from my beloved Jesus; I know he died for me, and if you will not receive me, I am sure he will: I will live and die for him." The persons that were eye witnesses of these scenes, hearing their artless and yet positive declarations, and seeing the children's surprizing constancy, could not refrain from tears.

The father and mother were at last allowed to speak with their children, without any other person being present, which they did at least three hours; but the children remained immoveably constant, and at length went to throw themselves at the feet of the commissioners, begging that they would dismiss their parents, for they would belong to none but Jesus, and saying, "that nothing but the love of Christ had brought them there, and

nothing in the world should separate them from him."

Upon this the committee made a report to his Majesty, proposing at the same time, that these children should be instructed publicly in the church, and when they should be thought to have received sufficient instruction, that their parents or any other Jews, should be permitted to dispute with them about the Christian faith. Their baptism was deferred till they should be of riper years, that none might be able to gainsay so evident a work of God, and it is hoped that this mode of proceeding may also be of service with respect to many other Jews.

These children have so wonderful a love and veneration for the bare name of Jesus, though none of them can read, that they discover and distinguish the word in any book, and if they find it, they kiss it with tears, and frequently take a particular pleasure in turning over every page in order to find that name. They also say, they are sure that many other Jewish children are of the same mind as they are: but they were so narrowly watched by their parents, that they could not possibly execute their design as yet; however they would find means to escape one day; for they knew that the love of Jesus could do every thing, as they themselves had experienced. Their parents might watch them as closely as they pleased, all their endeavours to keep them would be vain.

THOUGHTS ON

"GOD's GOOD TIME."

Seriously recommended for the perusal of all those who are willing to forsake sin, and live godly in Christ Jesus.

THE propensity there is in human nature to catch at any thing *new*, appears in every rank, and every department of life. It shews itself in dress, in furniture, in eating, drinking, and in our conversation. And very often, the eagerness of our desires leaves us little or no time for reflection, how far this or that new mode, is calculated for usefulness to society, or to individuals.

This itching for novelty is not confined to civil matters; it frequently mixes with sacred things, and appears in religious characters. Hence phrases come into common use, without due examination, which will not bear the test of Scripture: Perhaps that of waiting "God's good time," will be found to be of this number. For, however it may seem to recommend a patient, submissive disposition of mind, to the will of our gracious Creator, and bountiful Benefactor, it may be found to reflect no small dishonour on him, in his government of the church by Jesus Christ.

To illustrate this, let us enquire on what occasions this phrase is generally used, what foundation there is for it in the Scriptures, and what is its natural tendency, when used without proper restriction.

This phrase is much in use among those who visit the afflicted, whether in body, or mind, or both together; and very probably with the purest intention of leading their afflicted friends to suffer patiently whatever the Lord may see good to lay upon them, and cheerfully to hope for a gracious deliverance out of all their sorrows. But it is used also, and not seldom, in the pulpit, and is circulated from the press, with a design to administer a kind of comfort to afflicted minds.

If we enquire what foundation there is in the Bible for the use of this phrase, the language of the weeping prophet, as the voice of the disconsolate Jewish church, L. 3. 26. may possibly strike us, as holding forth this idea; or that of Habak. ii. 3. as directly to the point. In one view of the subject, this seems to be very just, viz. when our affliction of mind arises chiefly from outward circumstances. In this, it is good that a man should quietly wait for the salvation of God;—that he should hope in him who hath all power in heaven and on earth, who maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind. He can deliver from the depths of adversity, and raise the afflicted to prosperity and honour. This was peculiarly evinced in the case of Job, and in the restoration of the captive Jews in Babylon, to their own land; for although it seemed to them as unlikely, as that a number of dry bones should be raised into men,—into an army; yet we know, from sacred history, that it was accomplished according to the pro-

mise of God. See Ezek. xxxvii. The same might be said with respect to bodily affliction; the Lord bringeth low, and he raiseth up again, even from the gates of the grave. And the visions which Jehovah hath given to any of his servants will be certainly performed, whatever impediments may appear to be in the way.

Were this phrase used only in reference to public calamities, or bodily afflictions, it might be overlooked as a trifling inaccuracy of speech; but when we find it addressed promiscuously to all persons in affliction, whatever their distress may proceed from, or in whatever degree it may be felt, it calls aloud for a close scrutinizing of its tendency. Supposing for instance, a sinner is labouring under the guilt of his sins, as an intolerable load; his fears are alarmed, his cry is for mercy, and the feelings of the publican are found in his heart, as well as the language of his lips. Every known sin is cast off with abhorrence, and lamented with the sincerest sorrow. Every false hope is relinquished, and the poor penitent looks at the promises of the Gospel, with the eagerness of a drowning man, who is ready to catch at any thing thrown out to him for his rescue; but some well-meaning person, perhaps an ambassador of Christ, says to him—"You must wait God's good time," and he will deliver you." Now to what does this advice tend? Does it afford relief to the afflicted mind? Does it increase the ardent desire of his soul for salvation? Rather, is it not calculated to extinguish the rising hope, and sink the mind into despondency? To stifle conviction, and, by making life in its present state, an insupportable burthen, and the duty of prayer an irksome task, to lead the soul back into cold indifference, or open wickedness? Is it not calculated to raise hard thoughts of God, as though he regarded not the voice of real distress, and were destitute of compassion to humbled sinners? Does it not, in the nature of things, lessen the edge of desire, damp the fervour of prayer, and weaken the pangs of the new birth?

Is not this advice, given in such a case, directly opposite to the language of the Bible? What did Nathan say to convicted David? 2 Sam. xii. 13. Isaiah to weeping Hezekiah? 2 Kings xx. 5. Christ to his disconsolate disciple, Peter? Mark xvi. 7. The Apostles

to the awakened multitude, on the day of Pentecost? Acts ii. 28. Paul to the trembling jailor? Acts xvi. 31. Or the father to the returning prodigal? Luke xv. 21, 22. Does not the Scripture language to penitent sinners run thus.—"To this man will I look, that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and who trembleth at my word?" If it be asked for what purpose? the same evangelical prophet will inform us, viz. "To revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." Isaiah lvii. 15. and lxvi. 2. Is not the garment of praise promised to mourners in Sion? Isaiah lxi. 3. Does not the Saviour say—"All things are now ready?" "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?" If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth?" Have not the Lord's servants a solemn charge given them to comfort such mourners? And is this the way they take to do it? Oh, how justly might these afflicted souls cry out with Job, —"Miserable comforters are ye all!" How cruel is it in you to lengthen their sorrow, by concealing the Saviour's love? How dishonourable to God, to represent him as thus delighting in the distress of his creatures? And how dangerous to your own souls? For instead of travelling in birth for these, as St. Paul did for the Galatians, you coldly say—"Wait God's good time," and quietly fold your arms for sleep! Take care, lest God should pour upon you the spirit of slumber; or at least, suffer the same measure to be returned into your own bosom.

If it be asked, "What should we do in order to help such souls?" I would by no means dictate here, but should suppose, we cannot be at a loss with the Bible in our hands, and a lively impression of it on our hearts. If we have satisfactory evidence of the contrition of the persons who appear to be in distress, that they are truly awakened to *a sense of their guilt, helplessness, and misery;* we cannot, I apprehend, too strongly urge them to venture on Christ NOW, and to rely on his merit and promises for a present, free salvation. We cannot too confidently or affectionately say to them,—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved," from all your guilt and condemnation.

Again: if we look at the sincere followers of Christ, hungering and thirsting after righteousness; groaning, panting, and longing for full redemption: They see the commandment to be exceeding broad, requiring an entire surrender of the heart to GOD; but feel the workings of self-will, self-love, and self-sufficiency, and mixing in all their holy things. They mourn over the deep depravity of their nature, and watch for deliverance from all these idols, as the watchman waiteth for the return of the morning. Perhaps in this state of mind, they have recourse to some persons who have long travelled in the way to Sion, or to the ministers who labour amongst them, from whom they expect suitable directions; but here probably the same advice is given, in the same cold indifferent manner, as in the former case. They are taught to wait "GOD's good time," for the accomplishment of their wishes, in the fulfilment of those promises which hold forth a full salvation. Here hope, which is a considerable spring of action in the Christian life, is greatly enfeebled, by a removal of its object to a greater distance than before; the exertions of the mind, in believing the ability and willingness of the Saviour to redeem from all iniquity, are fettered in the first attempt: and those persons who promised fair to be like Joshua and Caleb in the Lord's Israel, are in danger of falling into murmuring against the GOD of their mercies, through the injudicious advice of respected friends.

What can possibly lead wise and gracious men to such a line of conduct? Is there any impropriety in setting forth a full salvation, as the privilege of all believers? In saying that the Lord is ready to save *now*, from all that is inconsistent with humble, gentle, perfect love? Can any injury arise from this view to the persons who groan for full redemption? Any dishonour be justly cast on the glorious perfections of Jehovah? Surely there is not the smallest probability that any of these will follow. But many are the evils which naturally flow from the idea conveyed by the above phrase. Hope of entire holiness in this life, and desire after it; a fear of offending GOD, and confidence in him; diligence in the means of grace, striving and agonizing for the blessing, are all hereby lessened; and the evils of fallen nature gain strength in exact proportion. Who can estimate the loss

sustained? Who can countervail the king's damage? What account will those stewards of the mysteries of GOD give, for having withheld the portion of meat proper for such souls?

It may possibly be objected, that "GOD acts as a sovereign, and giveth no account of his ways; that it is not for us to know the times and the seasons.':—We have not the smallest wish to rob GOD of his sovereignty, to encourage a curious prying into things which are not revealed, either in providence or grace; but we strongly desire to see *truth*, UNADULTERATED TRUTH, given to hungry souls, as their proper food. We wish every thing to be shunned with abhorrence that has the least tendency to counteract the genuine influences of the Holy Spirit, under the guise of voluntary humility. We wish to leave to Infinite Wisdom, the providential plan of governing the world, and the manner of accomplishing the various predictions of the word of truth; and at the same time, to see clear, direct, pointed promises, kept free from perplexity by any improper mixture, and held up to the subjects of them, for the encouragement of their faith and hope.

It may be objected farther, that "the longer persons remain in the bondage of guilt, and the more deeply believers feel the depravity of their nature, the more will they hate sin, and keep from it in future." In answer to which, we readily join with the objector in our wishes to see a clear, deep conviction of the evil of sin, a thorough ground-work for the laying a good foundation, in every person that is seeking redemption through the blood of Christ; and that those who have believed through grace, should keenly feel the plague of their own hearts, their deep defilement, their innate corruption, and abhor themselves before the holy GOD; but we conceive that nothing will so effectually produce an hatred to sin, or care to keep from it in future, as a sense of the infinite, undeserved kindness of their heavenly Father, in a ready forgiveness of past offences, and a free admission of them into his family, after such provocations given to cast them off for ever. Can any thing bind ingenious minds to holy obedience, or excite to watchful care, like the love, the mercy, the goodness of GOD, in Jesus Christ? Does any thing produce abasement of spiritlike

these? Why then forsake the Bible way of comforting mourners in Sion? Why keep those in pain and grief, whom GOD calls to rejoice? Why deviate from the doctrine of salvation by grace, through faith? Why blend together things which have no proper connection with each other?

From the preceding observations it may be inferred, that no great evil can arise from the use of this unscriptural phrase, in addressing persons in bodily affliction, as it respects deliverance from pain; or as applied to the followers of Christ, as it respects their eternal reward, "for, in *due season* they shall reap, if they faint not." But when this phrase is used by way of advice to penitent sinners, or genuine believers, in reference to the salvation of their souls in this life: we cannot sufficiently execrate it, as the worst of soul-murder. It has a mischievous tendency to all around. Hence it is that the careless sinner, the formal worshipper, and the lukewarm professor, are all full of this poison. They have caught the phrase from the pulpit or the press, and can plead it against every reason urged upon them to flee from the wrath to come. They are proof against all the artillery which can be brought against this strong-hold of the devil, and rest in the most dangerous security that can be imagined. Instead of thinking upon their ways, and turning their feet unto the Lord's testimonies, they quietly fold their arms, and cry— "a little more sleep, a little more slumber; a little more of the pleasures of sin, a little longer continuance in the spirit of the world." Thus many rest in this dreadful state, till roused by the approach of death, and then plunge into an awful eternity!

O ye christian ministers! ye who are called to watch for souls, as they that must give an account to GOD; guard all your hearers against this dreadful whirlpool. Urge sinners to flee from the wrath to come. Hold forth a present, free, and full salvation to every truly awakened sinner, and a full deliverance from all sin, as the privilege of justified persons. Encourage their hopes, clear their path, and prepare the way of the Lord, that he may come to his temple, hallow it with his presence, and make it his residence. But I forget myself, in addressing the Lord's watchmen. Forgive me, Brethren, as it

flowed from the fulness of my heart. May he who keepeth Israel, keep us from every false way, and lead us to his holy hill and dwelling-place.

THE

BEGGAR AND NO BEGGAR;

OR,

EVERY MAN A KING IF HE WILL.

A PARABLE.

Containing an Example of a Perfect Man in Christ.

THERE was in times past a person of a very great name both for learning and piety, and who was generally esteemed a guide of much understanding in the way to *Jerusalem;* the reputation whereof made him to be consulted by a multitude of travellers thither, coming from all parts. He had indeed been himself a traveller for many years, but had lost his way abundance of times, and had been frequently also stripped and beaten by thieves and robbers setting upon him unawares. This nevertheless did not discourage him, but quickly recovering himself he pursued his intention, hoping to attain at length the end of his journey, which would make amends for all that he had suffered: and as many as came to him he encouraged to go along with him; telling them what great things they might expect, and shewing them withal a map of the city, with a description of the roads leading to it.

For he had made it his business to pick up all the accounts that it was possible, concerning this place. And having as well informed himself both from the relations of all sorts of travellers thitherwards, and from all the books and charts which he could meet with, that had any relation thereto, as he was able to do; no wonder if he was almost ready to conclude that there was little or nothing further to be done by him, for acquiring the knowledge which was needful, both for himself and others, to bring them safe thither.

However, this was not very long satisfactory to him: and it was much more easy for him to satisfy others who had a great value for him, than to give rest to himself; as who clearly saw that there was something yet wanting, without which it would be impossible for his mind to be ever quiet. The relations of pilgrims and travellers were so disagreeing, and the very best accounts to be found in books and maps so imperfect; as he now discerned himself, after all the pains he had taken, and all the fame he had gotten, to be very much still at a loss. Fain would he be at *Jerusalem:* But he had not yet learned to *covet but one thing;* for his head was filled with many schemes, from what he had read, or what had otherwise occurred to him. This made him to appear *somebody*, and to have *something* in him, deserving to be esteemed. And hence he could not be brought to say in his heart, that he was nothing, and had nothing, and coveted nothing but *One.*

He was now grown grey with years, and the fame of his great wisdom and experience made him to be flocked to by vast numbers of people of every degree, looking upon him as an oracle; when his dissatisfaction with himself increasing, a thought arose in him, that he would do well to retire wholly from the world, if this could be effected, and to give himself up to meditation and prayer; whatsoever might be the consequence hereof as to his worldly reputation. This he endeavoured presently to put in execution accordingly; but the lot in which he was placed, and the charge which was laid upon him, would not suffer him to disentangle himself all at once, and to retire into the wilderness; through which there were several pilgrims travelling, as he heard to *Jerusalem*, under a safe conduct.

But he retired as much as was possible for him; and bitterly lamented the state which he had taken upon him, and the character which he bore with so great applause of men; fearing that he might not only fall himself into the ditch, or a snare, but might lead also others unadvisedly into it, whom he had undertaken to guide. This was indeed his greatest concern: and this made him cry night and day for succour; and to seek with all earnestness and diligence for a better guide than himself, that he might be led in the *way of truth.*

In the meantime his reputation by this means began to decrease: and so his character sinking from what it was, he was mightily humbled in his soul, and had also greater leisure and opportunity thereby, than ever he had before, for obtaining the end which he had proposed, the *vision of peace*, which is the *paradise of the soul* in the contemplation and love of God, as in the face of *Jesus*. And to find the *entrances* of this paradise his mind was now wholly bent; so that for the sake hereof he forsook all things, and made himself poor and naked both in his own sight, and in the sight of God. The effect of which was this which here followeth.

As it had been his principal study for the greatest part of his life to find out where the paradise of souls is seated, and consequently how it might be recovered again by those who had lost it; and the land and city of peace might securely be arrived to: and as he now experienced all his toil and learning herein to be vain, and rather to confound than to help him; he was therefore content to be stripped of all that he had, for the love of Jesus; and to be emptied of all that he had ever learned, that so he might be filled with the knowledge of *his* cross, as the only staff and support of him in the way which he was now entered into.

As he was now under this state of the cross, he importuned God with strong cries and supplications, and continued the space of seven years and upwards in much anxiety, feeling and reaching after God as in the dark cloud of faith. And in the eighth year some light began to spring up in his soul, by which he was secretly encouraged to press still on more earnestly, not doubting but that he should at last obtain his petition. For conceiving, and lamenting, that he wanted the right knowledge of truth, notwithstanding all his academical learning, he spent whole nights in prayer, begging of God with tears, to let him both *know him* and *know himself:* And that he would be pleased for this end to shew him some man or other that might *from him* confer with, and instruct him in the *way of truth;* and lead him by the most compendious path to the *city of Peace*, where he longed mightily to be.

And it came to pass upon a certain time when he was inflamed with a most vehement desire of the truth, after

he had watched and wrestled with God all the night in strong prayer, a soft voice came unto him from heaven, saying, "*Arise, go thou forth to the threshold of the church,* "*and there thou shalt find a man who shall teach thee the* "*way of* truth."

So he arose, and went forth accordingly to the church-porch, it being now morning; but was greatly surprised to find there a certain **beggar*, lying in a condition which appeared to him most despicable and most deplorable. This seemed at first to him no small disappointment; but it only seemed so. For he was moved much to compassion by the (seeming) miserable state of this beggar; whom he would willingly have relieved, thinking he had never seen a greater object of pity in all his life; being one that had not an hole where to lay his head, and could find therefore no better place than to lie without at the church doors; one who had a stone to his pillow, and had not so much as sandals to his feet; and who had not either staff or scrip to travel with, and all whose apparel was scarce worth three half-pence; one whose legs were covered with sores, from which issued a filthy matter, and whose looks were altogether marred so as to be very ghastly to behold. Now the scholar earnestly beholding the beggar, greeted him in this manner: "*Good morning to you.*" The beggar answered him very cheerfully, *I never had a* bad *one that I can remember.*

"*What!*" saith the scholar, scarce believing his own ears. "What is it you say? Friend, I bade you *good morrow:* This I repeat to you again very heartily.—And if this be not thought yet comprehensible enough, because a fair morning may have a foul afternoon, I therefore further add, God grant to you a *good day.*" *God be thanked,* saith the beggar, *every day is to me a* good day: Sir, *I know not what an* evil day *meaneth.* The scholar was not a little surprised at such sorts of answers: but the beggar insisted, that he could never remember that he had once had a bad day in all his life; and that the *evening* and the *morning* were to him as *one day,* which God had blessed from the beginning.

* Colloquium D. Joannis Thaueri, p. 833. 1615.

Here the scholar going to correct his manner of salutation, said, "*Peace be with thee, brother.*" To which the beggar made answer—*And with thy spirit also; for with me it is already.*

After some small pause the scholar proceeded:—"Then give me leave to wish you *good luck* in the name of the Lord." *And why so?* said the beggar, smiling, *for I never had any* ill luck.

This appeared very strange to the scholar, who could not comprehend how any man in the world could be exempted from it; and much less how *he* could be so, as he viewed him from head to foot. And though he admired the sprightliness of the poor man's wit (as he thought) and the peculiarity of his answers; he could not but have still very great yearnings of piety for him, to see such an one lie thus exposed in rags, and without any of the outward conveniencies of life. And therefore the scholar was not able to refrain at least his good wishes for him, notwithstanding all the remonstrances which the beggar had made: but, pitying the misfortunes of body and estate, continued to represent that he could be glad to see him in a more *fortunate* condition of life; as on the other hand the beggar to deny, that he was at all *fortunate.*

Hereupon the scholar: Thou not *unfortunate!* Why dost thou speak in this manner? How is this? May I not wish thee good luck from a right ground; and better success than hitherto thou hast had in the world, so it be *in the name of the Lord?* To whom the beggar again: *Wish me not, good sir,* more fortunate *than I am; for truly I cannot complain at all of* fortune. *I have heard indeed what the world commonly meaneth by these words* fortunate *and* unfortunate: *But I am uot concerned for one or the other of them.* Fortunate I would not be in the common sense; and I know not what it is to be unfortunate in any. Well, then said he, The Lord make thee prosperous. But I, said the other, was never unprosperous.

At this last word the scholar stood amazed, and viewed him again and again throughout, and considered all the circumstances wherein he had appeared to him. And least he should haply have mistaken him in the hearing, or not have comprehended his sense fully, he was will-

ing to repeat again his prayer for him, though in words a little differing; that so his answer might be the more distinct. "Be happy," said he, "Be as happy as thou canst wish for: Sure thou hast nothing to object against this; happiness being that which all must desire. Let me therefore wish thee happy." Wish me, Sir, happy! cried the beggar; Why, I never was unhappy.

The scholar was more and more astonished at the answers of the beggar, who as to all that outwardly appeared of him, was a most unfortunate and unprosperous man, unhappy even to the last degree: But who still persisted to maintain the contrary of what appeared to the eye. So that he was greatly puzzled what to think of him; and had some suspicion that all this might be perhaps only for a trial of wit. "What mean said he, these words of yours? Again I wish you happy, and the best fortune in all your undertakings. In a word, may every thing happen to you as you desire: May you have all you wish to have." I have no reason, saith the beggar, for complaint. Because all things happen as I will, though I never so much as set my mind upon fortune.

At which the scholar, as if he were about to take his leave of him, said to him: *God* keep you, honest friend, since you care not for *fortune*. But tell me now, I pray you, are you the only happy person among miserable mortals? *Job* then is out, who affirmeth, "That man born of a woman is of short time and full of miseries:" And how have you alone escaped all evil days? Whom make you yourself to be? I do not sufficiently understand your meaning. *God save you*. Now at last speak to me more plainly.

To whom the beggar: That I will do very willingly. You did wish me at first a *good morning*: And after that you wished me also a *good day*. And I answered you, that I never had to my remembrance an *evil morning* or a *bad day*. And it is even so in truth, as I said. For every morning is to me a *good morning*, being given me by my father in heaven: And every day is to me a *good day*, he having graciously vouchsafed his word to be the light thereof. Therefore I praise him every morning: And day unto day sheweth more and more of his goodness. Hence it is that I never have had one unprosper-

ous day; but all things have succeeded for the best, ever since I first entered into this course wherein you now see me: notwithstanding any *appearances* to the contrary.

For what the world doth generally call *misfortunes* are no more than *appearances*. These therefore hurt me not at all, nor cause me an evil time: But I am made to continue under them, by the grace of God, always the same. The lot which is assigned me of God, whatsoever it be, or howsoever it appear, I am certain must be good: And therefore I thank God for it. If it appear an evil, I am sure it will be *good* for me, yea *very good*, unless it be my own fault: And therefore for all that falleth upon me, I say, *Blessed be the name of the Lord.* In every season, in every weather, in every change of the times, thus have I still a blessed morning, and a good time. Whether I be full or empty, I praise God. When I am pinched with hunger, I praise him; or if with cold, I praise him also. If it hail, if it snow, if it rain, if it thunder, if the heaven be fair or foul; I praise God. In a word, if I be ever so wretched in the eye of the world; and despised and reproached of men, as the very offscouring of the earth, I likewise praise God: And therefore there hath never happened any sad morning unto me, nor hath any evil day overtaken me; but I have ever had a good time of it, and *peace* in God.

Wherefore when you wished me *peace*, I answered that it was with me already: and I heartily wish that it may be with you likewise, as it is with me; whence I said, *And with thy spirit.* This inward peace of mind under all events, is that which hath supported me so very wonderfully; for it hath a certain transmuting power, by which the bitter is made sweet, and which can change even curses into blessings, as experience hath taught me. Wherefore professing this gift of God, I fear not either the terror by night, nor the arrow by day, knowing no evil can happen unto me, nor any plague come nigh me, to annoy me, who by faith abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

You did likewise wish that I might be *fortunate*:.... And I answered you, that I never had been *unfortunate*. Yea you wished me in the name of the Lord *good luck*: and I told you, that I never had any *bad*, neither feared any. Because I know to live with God, and to rest

under his defence: And am certain that whatsoever he doth cannot but be *well* done; yea that it cannot but be the *best* that can be, all things considered. And hence whatsoever he bestoweth upon me, or permitteth to happen unto me, whether it be agreeable unto me or not, whether it be sweet or bitter, I gladly receive it at his hands; I am satisfied that nothing could be better for me: and therefore I am never *unfortunate*.

Wherefore when you wished me *prosperity*, I answered, that I was never *unprosperous*. Because all that God doeth, or disposeth, doth prosper with me: and I am fully therein satisfied. For I know that my lot is cast by him: and I commit myself fully to his good *providence*, not doubting of the success. Those monsters, *fortune* and *misfortune* hurt no body but him that is willing, or at least fearful, to be hurt; therefore I am not at all concerned for them. Nor do I ever once call upon *fortune*, that I may *prosper:* I pray not to her; but I pray to my heavenly father, by whom the events of all things are ordered. And he having the ordering of them I have all the reason in the world to be contented, yea to rejoice: since I know that he careth for me.

You desired moreover, that God would be pleased to make me *happy:* Whereunto I did answer in like manner, that I had never been *unhappy*. For I have proposed and determined to *adhere* only to the will of God, or rather to *inhere* in it; into which I have so wholly *transfused* mine own *will*, as whatsover God *willeth*, that I *will* also. And for this cause, as I said, I have never been *unhappy;* seeing that, as I mentioned my determination hath been to cleave perfectly to the divine will alone, and I have resigned up entirely my own proper will to God, that he may dispose of me in every thing as to him seemeth good.

When the beggar had spoken these things, this learned man was filled with exceeding great wonder; and seriously reflected upon the heavenly voice which had directed him hither. However he could hardly yet believe the words which he had heard: And therefore, he addressed the beggar again, and spake to him as followeth. "Strange, indeed! But if your will be so *wholly* resigned up to God, and transfused into *his will*, that you can be content to be disposed of by him in every thing

without reserve; pray what would you do, should it seem good to him, for the manifestation of his omnipotent majesty, to cast you down into the abyss of hell? What would you then do? Could you be content, think you, with his will and pleasure? Speak out plainly?

He cast me into the abyss of hell! said the beggar, with a cheerful smile, his countenance here beginning to shine like an angel. But let even this be supposed; seeing that we may suppose as well what *cannot*, as what *can* be. Why certainly, if he should; I have two arms, whereby I would embrace him still, and not let him go. The one is true humility; and that I lay under him; and by it I am united to his most sacred humanity. The other is *divine charity;* which is the right arm: And that I cast about him; and by it I am united to his divinity. And by his arm I would hold him so fast, and so clasp about him, as he would be forced to *descend into hell* with me. And I cannot but think, it is much more to be wished to be in hell *with God*, than to be in Heaven *without God*. Heaven without him would be an hell to me: and hell with him an heaven. For whereever he is, there must heaven be also.

By all this the Doctor was convinced, that the most compendious way to God doth consist in *true and perfect resignation of the will with profound humility*. And he praised God, that he had found one to shew him this short way: and determined to walk therein ever afterwards.

And hereupon he enquired earnestly of the beggar, Whence he came; as desirous of being more nearly acquainted with him, from whom he had learnt so much already: And the beggar answered him, that he came from God. And when he asked him, where he found God? After a little pause, There, said he, *where I left all creatures*. Then he proceeded to question him, where he had left God? The poor man answered, *In clean hearts, and men of good will.*

Then the Doctor, as one ravished with his answers, cried out, Good God what art thou? Upon which he said, that he was a king. Art thou then a king? said the Doctor. To whom he again: Marvel not; I am verily a king. Now upon saying that he was a king, and his persisting thus in it, the other's inquisitiveness was

the greater; and he pressed him to let him know, where his kingdom was. Whereto he answered: My kingdom is in the soul. And further he added: I reign, by the grace of God, over my outward and inward senses: and can so govern them, as all the affections and powers of my soul are in perfect subjection to me. Now this kingdom is certainly preferable to all the kingdoms of the world.

The Doctor here readily consented, that it was indeed far better than all the kingdoms, sceptres, crowns and glories of this world: But, said he, what brought thee to such a perfection? What made thee a king? He answered: It was my silence, contemplation and union with God. I could rest in nothing which was less than God. And now I have found my God: and in him I have everlasting peace and rest; having reached the crown.

Here then my anchor I do rest,
That GOD *does all things for the best.*

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF EPICTETUS.

EPICTETUS, a celebrated Stoic philosopher, born at Hierapoles in Phrygia, in the first century, was the slave of Epaphroditus, a freedman, and one of Nero's guard. Domitian banishing all philosophers from Rome, about the year 94, Epictetus retired to Nicopolis in Epirus, where he died in a very advanced age; and after his death, the earthen lamp he made use of sold for 3000 drachmas. He was a man of great modesty; which was eminent in his own practice, as well as in his recommendation to others; hence he used to say, "That there is no need of adorning a man's house with rich hangings or paintings, since the most graceful furniture is temperance and modesty, which are lasting ornaments, and will never be the worse for wearing." Of all the ancient philosophers, he seems to have made the nearest approaches to the Christian morality, and to have the most just ideas of God and Providence. He always possessed a cool and serene mind,

unruffled by passion; and was used to say, that the whole of moral philosophy was included in these words, *support* and *abstain*. One day, his master Epaphroditus strove in a frolic to wrench his leg; when Epictetus said, with a smile, and free from any emotion, "If you go on, you will certainly break my leg:" but the former redoubling his effort, and striking it with all his strength, he at last broke the bone; when all the return Epictetus made was, "Did I not tell you, Sir, that you would break my leg?" No man was more expert at reducing the rigour of the maxims of the Stoics into practice. He conformed himself strictly, both in his discourse and behaviour, to the manners of Socrates and Zeno. He waged continual war with fancy and fortune; and it is an excellence peculiar to himself, that he admitted all the severity of the Stoics without their sourness, and reformed Stoicism as well as professed it; and besides his vindicating the immortality of the soul, as strenuously as Socrates, or any Stoic of them all, he declared openly against self-murder, the lawfulness of which was maintained by the rest of the sect. Arian, his disciple, wrote a large account of his life and death, which is lost; and preserved four books of his discourses, and his Enchiricion, of which there have been several editions in Greek and Latin; and, in 1758, a translation of them into English was published by the learned and ingenious Miss Carter.

CHARACTER OF MAHOMET.

MANY will, we hope, be gratified by the following extract from *Mahomet's* character, drawn by the masterly hand of Mr. Gibbon; in which, however, it is but justice to hint to the juvenile part of our readers, that this elegant historian appears too much inclined to admire any system inimical to Christianity.

"According to the tradition of his companions, Mahomet was distinguished for the beauty of his person.—They applauded his commanding presence, his majestic aspect, his piercing eye, his gracious smile, his flowing

beard, his countenance that painted every sensation of the soul, and his gestures that enforced each expression of the tongue. In the familiar offices of life he scrupulously adhered to the grave and ceremonious politeness of his country; his respectful attention to the rich and powerful was dignified by his condescension and affability to the poorest citizens of Mecca; the frankness of his manner concealed the artifice of his views; and the habits of courtesy were imputed to personal friendship or universal benevolence. His memory was capacious and retentive, his wit easy and social, his imagination sublime, his judgment clear, rapid, and decisive. He possessed the courage both of thought and action; and, although his designs might gradually expand with his success, the first idea which he entertained of his divine mission bears the stamp of an original and superior genius. The son of Abdallah was educated in the bosom of the noblest race, in the use of the purest dialect of Arabia; and the fluency of his speech was corrected and enhanced by the practice of discreet and seasonable silence. With these powers of eloquence, Mahomet was an illiterate barbarian: his youth had never been instructed in the arts of reading and writing; the common ignorance exempted him from shame and reproach; but he was reduced to a narrow circle of existence, and deprived of those fashionable mirrors, which reflect to our mind, the minds of sages and heroes. Yet the book of nature and of man was open to his view.—From his earliest youth, Mahomet was addicted to religious contemplation: each year, during the month of Ramadan, he withdrew from the world, and from the arms of Cadijah; in the cave of Hera, three miles from Mecca, he consulted the spirit of fraud or enthusiasm, whose abode is not in the heavens, but in the mind of the prophet. The faith which, under the name of *Islam*, he preached to his family and nation, is compounded of an eternal truth and necessary fiction, *That there is only one God, and that Mahomet is the Apostle of God.*

"Charity may believe that the original motives of Mahomet were those of pure and genuine benevolence; but a human missionary is incapable of cherishing the obstinate unbelievers who reject his claims, despise his arguments, and persecute his life: he might forgive his

personal adversaries, he may lawfully hate the enemies of God; the stern passions of pride and revenge were kindled in the bosom of Mahomet, and he sighed, like the prophet of Ninevah, for the destruction of the rebels whom he had condemned. The injustice of Mecca and the choice of Medina transformed the citizen into a prince; the humble preacher into the leader of armies; but his sword was consecrated by the example of the Saints; and the same God who afflicts a sinful world with pestilence and earthquakes, might inspire, for their conversion or chastisement, the valour of his servants. In the exercise of political government, he was compelled to abate the rigour of fanaticism, to comply in some measure with the prejudices and passions of his followers, and to employ even the vices of mankind as the instruments of their salvation. The use of fraud and perfidy, of cruelty and injustice, were often subservient to the propagation of the faith; and Mahomet commanded or approved of the assassination of the Jews and idolaters who had escaped from the field of battle. By the repetition of such acts, the character of Mahomet must have been gradually stained; and the influence of such pernicious habits would be poorly compensated by the practice of the personal and social virtues which are necessary to maintain the reputation of a prophet among his sectaries and friends. Of his last years, ambition was the ruling passion; and a politician will suspect, that he secretly smiled (the victorious impostor!) at the enthusiasm of his youth and the credulity of his proselytes." [Gibbon's decline of the Roman Emp. vol. v. ch. 50. N. B. Compare *Prideaux's* Life of Mahomet. ch. i. with Sale's Preliminary Discourse, or *Mosheim's* Eccl. Hist. vol. i. p. 313.

ANECDOTE.

A BARONET of the last century, whose mansion was in York-Shire, was supposed to be dead; when the following conversation took place between his jester, or fool, and one of his servants.

Serv. Our master is gone!
Fool. Ah! whither is he gone?
Serv. To Heaven, I hope.
Fool. To Heaven! No, that he is not, I am sure.
Serv. Why so?
Fool. Why! because Heaven is a great way off, and when my master was going a long journey, he used for some time to talk about and prepare for it. But I never heard him speak of Heaven, or make any preparation for going, he cannot therefore be gone thither. The Baronet, however, recovered, and this conversation being told him, he was so struck by it, that he immediately began to prepare for his journey to that country, "from whose bourne no traveller returns."

REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS

IN NEW-ENGLAND.

FOR the gratification of such of our readers as have never read the Rev. Mr. Edwards's Narrative of this extraordinary event, we shall give an extract from that tract.

"In the latter end of the year 1733, the young people of Northampton, in New-England, shewed a peculiar readiness of receiving instruction; soon after this, a number of persons appeared to be converted at a small village about three miles from the town: in the following year some remarkable deaths awakened the attention of many to religious concerns. About the close of this year several persons were suddenly, and it appears, truly converted, particularly a young woman who had been remarkably gay; the news of which flew like lightning, and produced a general and almost instantaneous alarm. There was scarcely, says Mr. Edwards, a single person in the town, either old or young, that was left unconcerned about the great things of the eternal world. From day to day, for many months together, might be seen evident instances of sinners brought out of darkness into marvellous light. This soon made a glorious alter-

ation in the town; so that in the spring and summer following, 1735, the town seemed full of the presence of God. It was a time of joy in families on account of salvation's being brought unto them; parents rejoicing over their children as new-born, and husbands over their wives, and wives over their husbands. The goings of God were then seen in his sanctuary, God's day was a delight, and his tabernacles were amiable. Our public assemblies were then beautiful; the congregation was alive in God's service, every one earnestly intent on the public worship, every hearer ready to drink in the words of the minister as they came from his mouth; the assembly in general were, from time to time, in tears while the word was preached: some weeping with sorrow and distress, others with joy and love; others with pity and concern for the souls of their neighbours. In all companies, on whatever occasion persons met together, Christ was to be heard of, and seen in the midst of them; even at weddings, which formerly were merely occasions of mirth and jollity, there was now no discourse of any thing but the things of religion, and no appearance of any, but special mirth.

"Those amongst us that had been formerly converted, were greatly enlivened and renewed with fresh and extraordinary incomes of the spirit of God.—Many that before had laboured under difficulties about their own state, had now their doubts removed by more satisfying experience, and more clear discoveries of God's love. And there were many instances of persons that came from abroad, on visits, or on business, that had not been long here before, to all appearance they were savingly wrought upon, and partook of that shower of divine blessings that God rained down here, and went home rejoicing; till at length the same work began evidently to appear and prevail in several other towns in the country."

Mr. Edwards particularly instances South Hadley, Suffield, Deerfield, Hatfield, West Springfield, Long Meadow, Enfield, Westfield, Hadley, Old Town Northfield, Windsor, Coventry, Lebanon, Durham, Statford, Ripton, Guilford, Mansfield, Hebron, Bolton, Preston, and even in some parts of the Jerseys: some of the mi-

nisters who were peculiarly blessed in the above places besides our author, Messrs. Bull, Marsh, Meachum, Wheelock, Chancy, Gould, Noyes, Williams, Lord, Owen, W. and G. Tennant, Cross, Freelinghausa, &c.

"I am far from pretending (continues our author) to be able to determine how many have lately been the subjects of such mercy; but if I may be allowed to declare any thing that appears to me probable in a thing of this nature, I hope that more than 300 souls were savingly brought home to Christ in *this* town, in the space of half a year, (how many more I don't guess) and about the same number of males as females. And I hope that by far the greater part of persons in this town, above 16 years of age, are such as have the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ; and so by what I have heard, I suppose it is in some other places, particularly at Sunderland and South Hadley. I suppose there were upwards of fifty persons in this town, above 40 years of age, and more than twenty of them above 50, and about ten of them above 60, and two of them above 70 years of age. I suppose, near thirty were to appearance so wrought upon between 10 and 14 years of age, and two between 9 and 10, and one of about 4 years of age.

"The work of God's spirit seemed to be at its greatest height in this town, in the former part of the spring; at which time God's work in the conversion of souls was carried on amongst us in so wonderful a manner, that so far as I, by looking back, can judge from the particular acquaintance I have had with souls in this work, it appears to me probable, to have been at the rate, at least, of four persons in a day, or near thirty in a week, take one with another, for five or six weeks together: when God in so remarkable a manner took the work into his own hands, there was as much done in a day or two, as at ordinary times, with all endeavours that men can use, and with such a blessing as we commonly have, is done in a year.

A SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

THE SCENE—NIGHT.

Its solemnity: Its silent language: represents the approaching fate of mortals: The folly of pursuing those things which will shortly expire: Their vanity and emptiness discovered, when compared with celestial joys: The wonders of nature but mere shadows, when placed in competition with the glory of heaven: Its inexpressible splendour, and endless felicity considered; Its numerous inhabitants: Their songs of triumphant praise: With some considerations on their blessedness: Their perfection of knowledge, wisdom, harmony and love: Their unutterable everlasting happiness, and eternal employment: The reflector's improvement of the whole.

THE calm serenity of the evening invited a walk, and the gentle breezes that fanned the air rendered the shady grove a desirable retreat from the fatigue of business and hurry of worldly employments. The Sun had finished his diurnal task, and the Moon began to display her borrowed influence: NIGHT in majestic awe overspread the azure heavens, and in silent pomp ascended her sullen throne; the celestial lamps were speedily alighted, and shone forth in all their twinkling lustre. The warbling birds were retired to rest, and the industrious husbandman had reached his humble cottage. Slumber had invaded the rural world, and balmy sleep overpowered their drowsy eye-lids. Nature seemed inclined to repose, and universal silence command the orbs of night.

In this pleasant situation, methought the awful stillness whispered a lesson of instruction, and informed me that the night of life was far spent, and the day of eternity on its approaching dawn.

"Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
"Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day."—

It told me,—in a short time the blaze of immortal noon should detect the secret actions of men, and reveal

their conduct on the stage of darkness;—when the guilty offender should receive his trial, and the guileful hypocrite be exposed to shame;—when the sincere christian should reap the fruit of the Redeemer's merit, and be compensated for all his sufferings.

Surely, said I, this dreary scene most amply delineates the lot of mortals, whose days are obscured in the shades of death, and their remembrance obliterated in the land of forgetfulness, in those gloomy mansions where beauty moulders in dust, and regales the reptile worm. Doleful reflection! Where the voice of the charmer is heard no more, and the flow of eloquence is hushed in the *silence* of death;—where the ostentation of learning and the pomp of *language* is no more regarded; and the knowledge of sciences cease;—where the baubles of time shall no more amuse us, nor its *visionary joys* engage our thoughts;—where *affluence* or *poverty* sleep in friendship, and discord and enmity rot together.

Surely the *sons of time* are little apprized of the fluctuating condition of all their bliss! Little do they imagine that the enchanting scenes will shortly vanish and the hand of death transmit them to everlasting nights Little, ye gay unthinking fair, enraptured with the sweet of morning life, and captivated with the seducing charms of vice; little do you consider your approaching doom; seldom the thought affects your minds, that you must shortly leave your fancied heaven, and arrive at that bourn from whence no traveller returns. How industriously ye toil for the gilded toys of life, and neglect the more momentous concerns of eternity! How carefully ye adorn the brittle clay that will soon perish, while your immortal souls are treated with neglectful scorn; though the voice of wisdom upbraids your folly, and the dictates of conscience condemn your practice. Alas! What are all the enjoyments of life, when compared with the glory of a future world, when placed in competition with heavenly joys!

Heaven! the thought swells into rapture; time sinks beneath my feet, and eternity rises before my eyes!.... Farewel, then, ye gaudy treasures, that decoy the heedless throng, and allude the sons of folly. More noble themes demand my thoughts; more exalted purposes engage my soul. Heaven the residence of GOD, of

angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect; of unfading joys and everlasting life.

Delightful scenes! My soul exults in the distant prospect, and soars beyond the borders of sense, on the wings of contemplation: Methinks, thro' these dim perspectives, I can discover some faint glimmerings of celestial glory; and while surrounded with the darkness of night, discover mansions above the skies. Oh my soul, pursue the glorious theme, nor cease to contemplate on those pure regions, till death shall remove the prison walls and the day dawn in its propitious splendor. Inconceivable felicity! Unbounded joy! For neither hath eye seen, nor ear heard, nor even the heart of man so much as conceived of the glory prepared for the favourites of heaven: Surprizing thought! The eye that has beheld the secrets of nature, is dazzled with the blaze of future glory: Even NEWTON himself would fail in the discovery: The tomb of Mausolus, the temple of Diana, the pyramids of Egypt, and the wonders of all the universe, are but gilded shadows to the pomp of heaven. The ear that has been ravished with the notes of melody and charms of music, is ignorant of the voice of angels, and the harmonious songs of the celestial choir. The heart that hath conceived the most astonishing scenes, and wrapt up imaginary worlds in the compass of a thought, is lost in wonder at this glorious prospect, nor can rightly guess of those divine pleasures. The happiest efforts of human reason could acquire the heavenly science; easier might we compass the heavens with a span, or grasp the mountains with extended arms, than describe the lustre of immortal light. The glorious palace of the KING of kings;—where the ROYAL MONARCH more immediately resides;—a house not made with hands.—A city, "whose builder and maker is GOD;—founded for the reception of angels and men,—an asylum from every woe, and a safe retreat from danger and death. Its gates are pearl, and its spacious walls of shining jasper: What then are its inner courts! Saphires and diamonds will appear but drops to the matchless splendor of the New Jerusalem. The sun himself will look as darkness, and the brightest stars as dust and ashes. Night loses her reign in the upper orbs, and eternal day shines in full perfection. Here wishes meet with

enjoyment, and every desire is absorbed in fruition. Hope itself fails, and Faith is exchanged for beatific vision. Here seraphic spirits waits to introduce the Heirs of Life into the presence of their FATAER's glory: Thrones and crowns are prepared to reward their labours, and innumerable companies of the heavenly world shall shout them welcome to their native skies.

Here the Tree of Life in constant bloom, yields her immortal fruit, and weary pilgrims rest from all their labours. Here saints shall arm in arm with angels walk, and bask beneath the smiles of Jehovah's face. Mourning shall hide her baleful head for ever, and pain and sorrow flee away: Nothing shall be able to interrupt their joys, or blast their everlasting pleasures. The grave no longer shall boast her triumphs, but death itself be swallowed up of life; and the Redeemer of men shall lead them to living fountains of eternal peace.

Glorious situation! Where sin shall no more disturb our souls, nor the guileful tempter delude us by his snares; where joy shall glide in decreaseless streams, and happiness run coeval with eternity. Eternity, Reason reels at the prospect, and all my powers are lost in wonder! Lord, what is man! that thou shouldest thus highly honour him with the glory of thine everlasting kingdom? Am I then a candidate for eternity, and shall I linger on these earth-born joys that vanish with a breath and fade away? Disdain the thought, my deathless soul! and extend thy views to yonder mansions, where numerous hosts of spotless spirits are safely arrived at the desired port, and are now shouting the songs of triumph.

They were once clothed with mortality, and subject to the imperfections of depraved nature; but now they have dropt the crazy load, and quitted the stage of pain and woe: Now they have left a world of real sorrow, and entered a state of substantial joys. Happy exchange! They have finished the race of life, and won the prize of immortality: No more they look as thro' a glass darkly, but now behold even face to face. Corroding care no more disturbs their peace, but calmness and serenity glide on in perpetual streams. Nightless day shines in its full meridian blaze, and pleasures without interruption flow for evermore. Celestial bliss en-

dures for ever; and through the wasteles ages of immensity, remains the same. It is not confined to the short space of three score years and ten, but runs parallel with the longest line of eternity. "Here we only sip of the streams, but there we shall drink full draughts of blessedness at the everlasting fountain." Here we are but sons of hope, but there partakers of complete enjoyment;....in possession of that "Crown of glory that fadeth not away."

(To be continued.)

SELECTED POETRY.

ON THE LAST JUDGMENT.

BUT now the mantling flames in concourse join,
And deep descending, seize the burning mine;
Its richest treasures aid the mounting blaze,
'Twas all confusion, tumult, and amaze.
When, io! a cloud just opening on the view,
Illum'd with dazzling light th' ethereal blue!
On its broad breast a mighty angel came,
His eyes were lightning, and his robes a flame,
O'er all his form the circling glories run,
And his lighten'd as the blazing sun;
His limbs with heaven's aereal vesture glow,
And o'er his head was hung the sweeping bow.
As shines the bright'ning steel's refulgent gleam,
When the smooth blade reflects the sparkling beam,
Its light with quicken'd glance the eye surveys,
Green, gold, and vermil, trembling as it plays:
So flam'd his wings along th' ethereal road,
And earth's long shores resounded as he trod.
Sublime he tow'r'd, keen terror arm'd his eyes,
And grasp'd his redd'ning bolt that rends the skies;
One foot stood firmly on th' extended plain,
Secure, and one repell'd the bounding main:
He shook his arm—the lightnings burst away,
Through heav'n's dark concave gleam'd the paly ray,
Roar'd the loud bolt tremendous through the gloom,
And peals on peals prepare th' impending doom.
Then to his lips a mighty trump apply'd,
(The flames were ceas'd, the muttering thunders died)

While all the revolving firmaments rebound,
He rais'd his voice, and labour'd in the sound:
These dreadful words he spoke:——————
" Be dark, thou sun! in one eternal night,
And cease, thou moon! to rule with paler light!
Ye planets! drop from these dissolving skies,
Rend, all ye tombs! and all ye dead, arise!
Ye winds! be still; ye tempests! rave no more;
And roll, thou deep! thy millions to the shore;
Earth! be dissolv'd, with all these worlds on high,
And time be lost in vast eternity.
Thy reign, O man! and, earth! thy days are o'er:
I swear by HIM, that time shall be no more."
He spoke, (all nature groan'd a loud reply)
Then took the sun and tore him from the sky.
Bright, like the flaming orb which kindles day,
Emanuel shines, but with a brighter ray:
Like radient stars the righteous round him rise,
From pole to pole t'attend him down the skies.
Angelic legions on cherubic wings,
Descend from realms where endless glory springs.
The elder sons of light the younger meet,
Around their great eternal Father's feet;
Blest saints bright angels joyfully embrace,
Nor longer dread a seraph's flaming face.
On chrystal hills, where springs perpetual light,
Where never rolls the jetty tide of night,
Where smoke, and clouds, and vapours ne'er ascend,
The sons of day feast with their glorious friend,
Alarm'd! aghast! the sons of riot fly,
A thousand ways t'appease the threatning sky,
But all in vain! the judge approaches nigh;
And wrath divine burns down the rending sky!
While they, in ghastly crowds, remain below,
With terror tremble, and expire in woe.
Rouse, O my soul! and realize the day
That soon will burn these withering worlds away:
Expand thy views beyond the bounds of time—
Th' eternal hills of shining glory climb—
And thence behold with wonder, joy, and praise,
The globes beneath in one tremendous blaze:
There sing with seraphs, and with saints adore
The grace that steer'd thee to the blissful shore;
The blissful shore, the fair celestial plains
Where angels dwell, where Jesus ever reigns.

THE

CHRISTIAN CABINET.

No. 4. VOL. I.

A SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

THE SCENE—NIGHT.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 113.)

DEATH is the gate to life, and the passage to the invisible world. He introduceth into the courts of glory, and transports us to our FATHER'S kingdom. JESUS, the great vanquisher of the infernal powers! Has removed his sting, and mingled joys with the cup of dissolution. The tyrant is now stript of his horrors, and bears the aspect of a real friend. Fear not then, oh my soul! To quit this region of disquietude; for through the territories of death lies the way to an endless life. Reflect on the ravishing scene, that in a few days more, thou shalt arrive at the desired haven, and be enthron'd with kings, amidst the pomp of real greatness, and everlasting felicity! Draw back the veil of sense, and by faith take a view of the Land of Promise: Contemplate its rights, survey its extent, behold its inhabitants, and review its pleasures.

Behold with admiration, a crown of unfading glory reserved for the victors of sin and satin! Behold the conquerer entering the city he fought for, with the scars of honor, as the marks of his triumph. Here the heavens applaud his courage, and all the

inhabitants exult in his bliss. See the PRINCE OF LIFE vesting him with the robes of immortality, and pronouncing him welcome to the joys of his LORD. View the morning stars that sang together, and the sons of GOD that shouted with rapture at the appearance of the material world. Behold the ancient patriarchs, that thr'o clouds and shadows, discern'd the distant day, now exulting in the brightness of meridian glory. Look around and see a numerous train of martyrs, who in the blaze of triumph rode to the regions of joy, and who are now crying with a loud voice, "how long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" Behold their innocence shining with unsully'd lustre, cloathed with the robes of everlasting purity! See princes and nobles casting down their crowns before the throne of GOD, and professing with the profoundest adoration, "thou art worthy, O LORD to receive glory, and honor and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are, and were created."

Behold myriads of spotless beings resounding his praise; and here the tongue of infants extol his wondrous love! See Adam the son of paradise restored to his Maker's favor, and advanced to greater joys than Eden could afford: survey a great number of his progeny sharing the exquisite delights of undecaying happiness, and regaling the delicacies of diviner angels;—possess'd of those exalted glories that shall never fade, and surrounded with the overflowing fullness of immencity itself. Thus situated in these peaceful regions, they celebrate the wonders of bleeding love, and the astonishing compassion of expiring goodness! Methinks I hear the strain of their celestial harps, and my ears are charmed with the melodious concert; while in greatful praises they proclaim his mercy; and thus they sing the acts of his grace.

"O thou sovereign Ruler of these heavenly orbs, and the parent of universal nature! With profound veneration we bow at thy feet, and confess the hand that made us is divine! With humble gratitude, we

acknowledge thy unmerited beneficence : and with rapture and astonishment contemplate thy numerous fovors. That thou, the first, the eternal cause of nature's works, the independent Arbiter of eternity, enthron'd in inaccessible light, and possess'd of consummate happiness, should'st have any concern for our everlasting welfare, before the birth of time, or the roll of worlds : this fills us with the deepest admiration, and swells our faltering tongues with fresh praise, and unutterable joy ! Infinate goodness ! Un parallel'd love ! That thou should'st consult our happiness before our atoms rose into form, or we had entered the list of the living ! Adorable kindness ! That when man had forfeited all claim to thy regard, thou graciously forgave the crime, and re-advanced us to thy favor. Matchless mercy ! That thou should'st send thy own SON into our sinful world, to reconcile us to thyself, and by his invaluable death, satisfy the violated law, and discharge the arrears of offended justice. O GOD ! We adore the riches of thy grace ! O JESUS ! We celebrate the honors of thy name ! With the utmost submission, we bend the knee before thy throne, thou sovereign LORD of angels and of men, humbley we reverence thy amazing condescension, and ponder in astonishment thy illustrious deeds ! That thou in the fullness of days, should'st leave the glory of the heavenly world, and descend into this vale of mortality and tears ;.... veil thy diety in flesh, and tabernacle with the rebellious sons of men. Oh angels sing his praise :.....Oh how Omnipotence is lost in love ! That thou, the LORD of men and prince of glory, should endure all the hardships of earth, and subject thyself to the sinless infermities of dust ;....that thou with the utmost patience, suffered the derision of worms, and even wept over thy most inveterate foes ;....discarded by thine own, and treated with the indignant scoffs of the multitude ;....and crown'd with thorns, that worthless mortals might behold thy glory, and participate the joys of thy presence : Boundless love ! notwithstanding the approbrious insults of disbelieving jews, and the inhnman barbarity of faithless gen-

tiles; thou still persisted to accomplish thy work, and proclaim thy triumph over the sons of darkness. Surely this was love like a GOD;....of more worth than heaven, and all the acclamations of our united praise.

"But oh the groans of Calvary! the bloody sweat and agonizing pains, in lively colours delineate thy tender concern; that thou should'st submit to the dolorous death of the cross, and share the malefactor's fate!....this thought refires our souls with ardor, that thou should'st conflict the billows of vindictive anger, and appease the brow of incensed Deity; that traitors might be pardoned, and sinners redeemed from the shades of death; captives released from the vasalage of sin, and guilty offenders from the fiery mansions of avenging wrath! Oh wondrous grace! Oh matchless, matchless love! Resume your hearps, ye glittering seraphs, that wait around his throne, and with fresh rapture sound your melodious notes: Oh sing REDEEMING LOVE, with universal concord, and let eternity roll on in the harmonious employment."

Methought I heard them renewing their triumphant songs, and in still louder notes expressing their praise; but alas! this crazy load rebates my pleasure, and reminds me that I am mortal. For what finite capacity can grasp the thought, or men reveal the joys; when seraphs veil thear faces and in adoration adore? But yet, my enraptured soul would fain pursue the theme, and further contemplate the glories of the upper world. Assist me, O thou eternal SPIRIT, to anticipate celestial joys, and afford me some prelibations of those ravishing delights. Oh glorious thought! in these happy realms we shall re-embrace our former friends, and share an eternity in mutual joy. There we shall know the faithful guide, whose pious discourses warmed our souls, and whose directions assisted us while traversing the labyrinths of life: there we shall reign in cordial affectian, and all shall partake of the same happiness, and enjoy the same GOD. There we shall surround the heavenly throne, and with angels sing the praise of boundless love. There we shall trace the œconomy

of divine wisdom, and the arcana of heaven shall be unclosed to our view. The seeming irregular paths of life shall then appear plain, and the circuits of providence be fully unfolded. And, oh the transporting pleasure that will result from the view of constant goodness, and unalterable love! There we shall be acquainted with the reason of our troubles, and the design of every distress. There we shall perceive, that the adverse winds of life, and the rough storms of mortallity, were all intended for our final advantage; and find that every gale conspired to waft us to the port of happiness.

Ignorance shall not triumph in the regions of day, but perfect knowledge and unerring wisdom shine with refulgent rays of lustre and perfection: Nature with all her secrets shall be unfolded to our view, and the vain soar of human philosophy be dazzled with the beams of superior brightness. The mists that surround us in these terrine abodes, shall then be dispelled from our minds, and truth blaze forth with unsullied lustre: Error shall no more support her throne, but verity, without the disguise of human literature, appear to our view. Party rage shall no longer storm, nor bigotry and superstition create broils and discord: universal love and harmoneous concord shall eternally reign, and everlasting quietude maintain its empire.

Transports of overflowing joy shall dissolve our souls in ecstasy, and delights and pleasures describeless by angels pen, shall fill us with unspeakable rapture. In anthems of perpetual praise we shall celebrate the goodness of the great SUPREME, and in songs of endless triumph adore the infinite bounty of our gracious SOVEREIGN. We shall be lodged in the embraces of a reconciled GOD, and confess eternity too short to utter half his praise.

And are these things so? Is there a heaven beyond this scene of confusion and disquietude, where discontent and vexation shall never enter? to the inconceivable glory of which happy place, all the enjoyments of life, like stars, fade before the rising sun. Oh then, my soul! learn to trample under

foot the transitory pleasures of this delusive state; constantly meditate on the unseen world, and ardently thirst for that delightful period, when thou shalt no more drink at the streams, but the fountains shall be open to thee; when thou shall bathe in the ocean of bliss, and solace thyself in the courts of GOD! When thou shalt join the triumphant throng, and in ceaseless adorations spend unbounded eternity.

Live therefore in the firm persuasion and constant expectation of approaching felicity. Let the blessed prospect sweeten the sorrows of life, and prove a cordial to thy fainting spirits. Build, oh my soul, the edifice of thy religion on the rock of GOD's redeeming love; then wilt thou remain secure amidst thundering storms, and roaring billows. On thy Redeemer's merits place thy confidence, and thy everlasting hope shall not be vain: His hand shall guide thee thro' all the scenes of life, till with triumph thou shalt end thy days, and finish thy course with joy. And while nature sinks and groans under the pangs of dissolution, thou shalt be supported with the consolations of his spirit: In peaceful slumber thou shalt fall away to rest, and awake in the likeness of thy GOD. Death tho' terrible to others, shall lose his frowns, and angels conduct thee to the heavenly shores.

.....

SERIOUS CONSIDERATION.

I KNOW that I must die: But what preparation have I made for it? O, my soul what evidences hast thou for heaven? I must die: But am I now dead to sin? I must appear before God in judgment: But what account can I give of my life?....Those who are pardoned through faith in Christ, and sanctified by the Holy Ghost, will be eternally happy: But is this my case? Am I pardoned? Have I repented? Have I forsaken sin? And do I delight in God and in his service, and carefully shun all evil company, and evil words and actions?....Lord have mercy upon me; make me holy, and fit me for thy presence.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

TWO YOUNG LADIES, CONTRASTED.

[BY A LADY.]

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82.)

BREAKFAST being at length announced, Melissa hastened down stairs. Good morning, my love, said the tender mother. You look pale, my child! are you not well?....Yes, mamma; but.....the starting tear trembled in her eyes....But what, said the alarmed parent, I am not used to see my darling sad; and affliction's tear started also into the mothers eyes, and rolled down her cheeks.....Conceal nothing from me, my dearest Melissa, I cannot see you in affliction without painful sensibility.

Melissa thus importuned, relates her dream, with strong marks of disorder; and the too-fond parents, though affected, treat it as the imagery of sleep, and request her to think no more about it.

While yet sitting at the table, a rap was heard, and every eye turned to the door, with hope that an end would soon be put to their gloomy party, by company dropping in. But judge of their consternation, when Isabella, all in white, presented herself.—Melissa turned pale as death, threw her head back, and was near fainting; when her father received her in his arms, and waved his hand to Isabella to retire; she obeyed....but alarmed, and full of fear for her friend, waited in the hall, till a servant informed her Melissa was recovered. The lady of the house followed, asked her with cold civility to walk into the room; but besought her to give the conversation no serious turn, for her dear child was not in a situation to bear it.—Perhaps I had best return home without going in then, said Isabella.—It is her request you should come in, replied the other. Isabella, silent and trembling, followed, and seating herself beside Me-

lissa, tenderly enquired into the cause of her malady, professed the warmest attachment, and her almost impatient desire of seeing her since she awoke in the morning. Every word she uttered, sunk into the bosom of Melissa, and her dream appeared in all its horrors to her mind.—I am unexpectedly called into the country, said Isabella, and I know not when we may meet again;....I hope, my dear, I shall hear from you? Certainly, said Melissa, coldly.—Isabella, perplexed and distressed at this strange reception, with the weight of a mill-stone at her heart, and with tears in her eyes, rose and took her leave.

The coach was ordered, and Melissa and her mother rode round the town to amuse their minds, just returned home to dress, and then out again to dinner. Thus passed Melissa's few remaining days, in an anxious endeavor to forget....that she was mortal. After a few weeks had elapsed, every trace of the solemn warning so mercifully given, was entirely obliterated. A new play was to be acted, and large parties were made up to attend the performance. Melissa, though indisposed, could not withstand the importunity of some gay acquaintances, to grace one of the boxes with her presence. During the first act, she fainted; was brought home with difficulty and danger; physicians from every part of the town, were intreated with tears, to save the fair Melissa.—Alas! Alas! vain is the help of man!.....One fainting fit succeeded another so fast, that the minds of all in the room was kept in the most racking suspense. At length she so far recovered, as to look around her with an eye of enquiry; every heart now fluttered with expectation, and hope revived....but, Alas! she cast a look on her frantic mother in the croud, and all was in a moment explained.....I am dying! said Melissa; and a shriek of horror ensued. For a moment she cast her eyes wildly round the room, and stretched out both her hands, as if for shelter from impending danger. This violent exertion, was succeeded by a fit, that terminated the short life of the lovely Milissa, in the seventeenth year of her age.

The mother, who had hitherto been kept from too near an approach by her husband, now burst from every restraint; and sitting down on the bed, she gently raised the head of her lifeless child, and laid it on her bosom. My daughter, she exclaimed, open your lovely eyes, and cast one look on your wretched mother!....One look, my darling!....The pride of my heart....my glory, and the only hope of my declining years! Meliasa! Melissa!....it is your mother calls, my child:....If you cannot answer, look at me, that I may live again.....Doctor, for heaven's sake, exert yourself....do not give up my darling; while there is life there is hope. The doctor taking her hand, feelingly said, My dearest Madam, call up all the philosophy you are mistress of, and calmly, if possible, resign your daughter.—Never, said she; do not talk of such a thing....why shure you do not suppose she will not recover.—All is already over! replied the doctor. A general cry, that could no longer be suppressed, was heard from twenty voices at once.—'Tis false, said the poor despairing mother, and swooned away.—The disordered father, pale, and transfixed as a marble statue, looked on the wretched scene with sorrow too big for tears, or expression: at length smiting his breast, with a groan that seemed to harrow up his soul, pathetically exclaimed, I am undone!!!.....The mother was removed, while in a state of friendly insensibility, into another apartment, and put to bead. And thus ended the expectation of both the miserable survivors, without a hope beyond the grave, to cheer the gloomy prospect.

The news soon flew through the town, and reached the apartment of Theodore, who was sitting alone, making many manly reflections on the trifling pursuits of mankind, and the remorse that would necessarily follow, when an eternity of happiness was lost for the enjoyment of a moment.

In this instant a friend stept in, and acquainted him with the death of his cousin.——Dead! The beautiful, the gay, the charming Melissa, no more! Alas! said he, this is a stroke the most sudden and unthought of. Gracious heaven! Melissa dead!.....I can

scarce believe you....Poor, precious, thoughtless mortal, where are you now, and what are your pursuits. The tears flowed from his eyes. Her parents (exlaimed he) what will become of them? She was the idol of their souls! they lived but to promote her happiness. Mistaken friends, you have yourselves undone her. What must be their reflections, if they think at all of a future state!....His friend advised him, tho' the night was far advanced, to go to the house of mourning. Alas! said Theodore, what balm can I administer....my thoughts are full of awe, and horror, and pierce my very soul with anguish.

After his friend withdrew, Theodore made a solemn renounciation of the world; and looking up to heaven, prayed to be strengthened and supported in this resolution: without which, he plainly perceived, it would not be possible to have religion, or get to heaven. I will go, said he, to Mr. Leeds, and open my whole soul to him, and pray him to counsel and advise me. He waited only for morning, to put this determination into effect. He found the house shut up, and feared he knew not what. On knocking, an old domestic appeared, and informed him, that the family had retired into the country.—How far is it, enquired Theodore, I will follow them.—It is thirty miles.—I can reach it before night; farewell. If you have any commands, I will take them.—Nothing said the old man, but my love and duty to my master and mistress, and young Miss Isabella. The Lord bless them all, and bring poor Jacob to the place they go to, when they die, and he will be well content.—Theodore ordered his horse, and immediately set out on his journey. As he got out of the noise of the town, his heart grew lighter; and by the time he reached Mr. Leads, he was tolerably calm. The country seat was simple as the blest inhabitants who possessed it 'Twas embowered in woods, and every thing looked peaceful, and innative around. It was already evening, and the moon shone with mild splendor, and cast a pleasing solemn aspect over nature. Mr. and Mrs. Leeds were walking hand in hand on a piazza, in front of the house, and singing

a song of praise to the God of all their mercies: which was repeated by a distant echo: at the end of every line, they paused a while for nature's chorus. The effect was charming....and Theodore felt sensations of delight, to which he was till then a stranger. He waited under a tree, which concealed him, till the hymn was ended, and then advanced and presented himself. The friendly pair received him gladly, and immediately fell into conversation, in which at this time, Theodore bore his part.

I have been driven to this place at this time, partly from the regard you inspired me with, and partly on account of a recent misfortune, which has deeply affected me. Last night about eleven o'clock, after an illness of a few hours, Melissa quitted this little scene of things, and from the play-house entered into an awful eternity. Alas! said Mrs. Leeds, what a preparation! Tears flowed down her aged cheeks, and her bosom swelled with sorrow. My poor Isabella, what an affliction will this be: never let her hear this awful circumstance: it will almost break her heart.....I have had that young woman, much, and often on my mind, said Mr. Leeds....and I have endeavored to be faithful to her; but I have always found her so engaged in the vanities of life, and her situation such, that I have had very little hope that there would ever a reformation fully take place in her. However, there is ONE example of repentance and conversion, in the LAST moments of life, recorded in the evangelists, that NONE might despair,....and, but ONE, that none might presume to wait 'till then.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT.]

Continued to page 155

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GENEROSITY.

MARK ANTHONY, when distressed, and at an ebb of fortune, cried out, that he had lost all, except what he had given away.

He that clothes the poor, and gives them food, shall never want treasure.

EXPERIENCE AND DEATH OF MRS. BARTINE, OF NEW-YORK.

ABOUT two years ago, I was called upon by Miss Hunt, to visit her sister, Mrs. Bartine, who had been afflicted for some time with a consumption; her desolution was supposed to be near; the physician Dr. C....., having no hope of her recovery.

I was informed by her pious mother, and sister, that she was insensible of her state by nature, and too little concerned for her eternal welfare.

Nevertheless, it was the desire of her husband, and friends, that she should be reminded of it before it was too late. When I came she appeared to be dying, and although perfectly in her senses, entirely unconcerned about her future state! After a few words of advice to her, which had little or no impression on her mind, we made our request to God in her behalf; but being discouraged at her apparent indifference, I took her hand without saying any more, thinking that as it was the first time I had seen her, it would be the last; she holding my hand said, "must I be left to die without being prepared, a stranger to the Redeemer's love, without his blessing? Lord have mercy on me, Christ have mercy on me! Will no one pity my case? O that Jesus would draw near, have mercy on me, and pardon me before I go into the place from whence there is no return."

She called upon us to pray for her, grew restless as she lay, clasping her hands with all her strength, saying, "if I die as I am I shall be undone for ever and ever; for I am a sinner, I have neglected the great end for which I was sent into the world, until now." All in the house seemed to be affected at her lamentation. We attempted to join in prayer once more for her; but she almost prevented us, by her confession, and prayers to Almighty God; her cry was, that Jesus would draw near, and save her soul, which if he refused, she must die eternally; Mrs. S....., her mother, said, "my dear child, he is here, we are sure

he is near to bless you; she answered, "he stands at a distance from me, and justly he may, I have neglected his calls, and now he may justly leave me to perish in my sins." At her request, we went to the throne of grace once more on her behalf, while her tears and prayers were incessant; suddenly she seemed to cease, and after a few minutes broke out in language quite different, saying, "I have found him, he is come, Christ has blessed me, he hath pardoned my sins, and I am accepted in him." Her sorrow was now turned into joy, and her mourning into songs of deliverance: then she began to look back on her past life, which seemed but to swell the song of redeeming love, saying, "what have I deserved, even to have been cast into hell before this time: for I have slighted the calls and invitations of God's holy word, and spirit. I have sinned against light and love; I thought myself secure, and that I was not so wicked as many in the world; yea, I thought myself as good as need be; but now I see my life has been a scene of folly and vanity, though short, it was full of evil; now I can trust my all cheerfully to my great Redeemer; my dear husband and children, I leave in the hands and care of my glorious God, who has done so much for me....I shall soon join the heavenly throng, to praise my Jesus in his glorious kingdom!" Her mother asked her to take some drink to moisten her mouth, but she refused,...."no my dear mother, I want no more in this world, I shall soon drink at the fountain of life: for God hath wiped all tears from my eyes,....I shall soon die and be with Jesus, my good Saviour.

While she lived, which was but a day or two longer, she seemed by her calmness, fully to be stayed on the Lord; her heavenly conversation, and resignation, was truly admirable, which caused her physician, who had not at that time, any great opinion of religion, to acknowledge, that there was in the sudden and visible change wrought in her, something which he could not account for, upon philosophical principles. She retained her confidence till the last, and fell asleep in the arms of Jesus.

CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

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THE SUN.

IN meditating on the wonderful works of God, the first object which generally strikes the attention, is that glorious luminary the Sun. It appears to dwell in the heavens as in a grand pavilion. The form of it is nearly, if not quite, spherical. Its magnitude is great indeed! The diameter of it is computed to be 890,000 miles, which is more than equal to a hundred diameters of our earth. But what its substance is, whether it be a liquid or a solid globe, who can tell? The general opinion, however, is, that it is a body of fire, that the heat of it is preserved by its prodigious bulk, and that light and heat are emitted from it, as from an anormous mass of red-hot iron. Others suppose that it affords us light without possessing any great internal heat; and that its beams become hot by mixing with our atmosphere.

The distance of the Sun from our earthly abode is truly astonishing; it being more than eighty millions of miles! A distance so prodegious, that a cannon ball, flying at the rate of four hundred and eighty miles an hour, would not reach us in nineteen years. And yet the rays of light which issue from it, are said to be no longer than seven or eight minutes in their passage.... a rapidity so stupendous, as to be nearly equal to seven times the circumference of our world in a moment. Our merciful Creator has placed the earth at the most convenient distance from the Sun, near anough to be sufficiently warmed by it, yet not so near as to be consumed. The Sun is now generally acknowledged to be in the centre of our system: It does not perform a circuit round the earth, as from appearances, we should naturally conclude, and as the ancient philosophers supposed:....it revolves only round its own axis; and does this once in the space of 25 days, 6 hours. Various experiments have produced evidences in favor of the present, or, as it is commonly called, the Copernican hypothesis; and such, indeed, as almost amount to demonstration.

To these testimonies may be subjoined the doctrine of eclipses. The cause of eclipses is obvious : when the moon passes between the earth and the Sun, so as to intercept his rays, he is said to be eclipsed. This never happens but at the time of the new moon ; because it is only then that she passes between the Sun and the earth. When the earth is interposed between the moon and the Sun, then the moon is eclipsed, and this is only at the time of the full moon.

Who can think of the vast bulk of the Sun without calling to mind its glorious Creator ? He is emphatically styled, " The Father of Lights." If the material Sun be so great, how inconceivably greater must He be who spake, and it was made, who commanded, and it stood fast ! The fixed stars also, which, on account of their immense distance, appear to us so very small, are, it is very probable, so many suns equal in magnitude to ours, and answering the same purposes in other systems as ours does in this. Each of them seems formed to communicate light and heat to a certain number of inhabited planets, kept by gravitation within the sphere of its activity.— " With what an august conception does this furnish us of the works of the Creator ! Thousands of thousands of suns, attended by ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, all in rapid motion, yet calm, regular, and harmonious, invariably keeping the paths described them ; and those worlds peopled with myriads of intelligent beings ! O how great, how wise, how good, must HE be, who made and governs the whole !"

In proportion as our thoughts of God are enlarged, we must feel ourselves diminished, and say with David, " When I consider the heavens, Lord ! what is man, that thou art mindful of him ?" How astonishing is the condescension of divine Providence, that, amidst the wide-extended universe, in all its unnumbered parts, amidst the myriads of beings it contains, notices each individual, provides for his support, and directs all his affairs ! But how astonishing beyond all possible conception, is it, that Jesus, who adorned those amazing luminaries with all their imperial gran-

deur, should abase himself so low as to become an inhabitant of the depraved and miserable world in which we live ; that he should assume not the nature of angels but the seed of Abraham ; that he should lay aside all his refulgent glory, take upon him the lowly form of a servant, bear the contradiction of sinners for thirty years, and at last expire on a cross to ransom guilty man ! What are the dimensions of the heavens, vast as they are, compared with those of Jesu's love ?

" Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were the whole earth of parchment made,
Were every single stick a quill,
And ev'ry man a scribe by trade,
To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry,
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretch'd from sky to sky."

The Sun is one of the brightest images of the divine goodness. The idea of the Power which formed it impresses me with holy awe ; but the goodness displayed in furnishing such a source of blessings fills me with gratitude.

" Praise him who made great lights ;
For his mercy endureth for ever :
The Sun to rule the day ;
For his mercy endureth for ever.

It is an invaluable blessing to us that the Sun does not make his appearance in a sudden and abrubt manner. He comes forth from his chamber full of mildness ; he darts his rays with gradually-increasing force, until he attains his meridian height ; and then as gradually retires.

When a certain confessor of the Romish church, who had been for many years confined in the dark prison of an inquisition, was brought forth to suffer death, he no sooner beheld the light of the Sun, than he cried out, " Who that has reason can worship

any other than the Maker of that glorious creature ?" For this devout exclamation, so derogatory to the worship of images, he was immediately gagged. Blessed be God, our tongues are at perfect liberty to record his sublime perfections who made this great luminary, and who continues it as the instrument of light, heat, and vegetation to the earth. Surely then

"An undevout astronomer is mad."

How extensive is the divine goodness in the beneficial rays of the sun, which visit alike the just and the unjust, the saint and the sinner! How cogent an argument this to induce disciples of Jesus to love their enemies! Let us resemble our heavenly father by diffusing, as widely as possible, the benefits of that knowledge which we receive from the great fountain of intelligence.

The time will come when men must account to God for the use which they make of light. Happy those who, like their Redeemer, work the woks of God while it is day! They shall ere long be translated to that glorious state which is called, "The inheritance of the saints in light." But those who abuse the natural light of the Sun to the purposes of sin and rebellion, shall be confined in the blackness of darkness for ever.

The Sun is a lively emblem of Jesus Christ. It is "the eye and soul of this great world;" and so is Jesus of the church: He is the source of all wisdom and knowledge. For thousands of years he has freely communicated his enlightening, quickening, and comforting beams. Firmly fixed in the centre of the church, he diffuses his invaluable blessings in all directions; nor could millions of saints and angels, those inferior lights, in the least degree supply his absence. How beautiful is the expression of the Evangelist: "In him was life, and the life was the light of men!" In his illuminating rays his people will eternally rejoice; "for the Lord shall be our everlasting light, and the days of our mourning shall be ended."

The progress of the light resembles the path of the

just. When the day-star first arises on the heart, no small obscurity remains. To the newly enlightened Christian spiritual objects appear as men did to him who had been blind: They are like trees walking. But the good work of grace once begun, shall never be forsaken. The believer shall increase in the light of knowledge and peace, till he appears like the Sun in his meridian splendor.

Let us close our reflections by observing, that a blessed period will arrive, when God shall adorn our fallen nature with the glories of this magnificent luminary. Even now the church is clothed with the Sun: John beheld her in vision, surrounded with rays of illustrious brightness; having put on Christ and his righteousness, and being irradiated with light, truth, cumfort, and holiness. True, our Sun is often eclipsed, and covered with mists and vapours; but shortly all these shall be done away: "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the Sun in the kingdom of their Father."

.....***.....

I think the following Account, one of the most remarkable which I ever saw. I recommend it to the serious attention of all that have a feeling heart.

March 22, 1782. *J. W.*

A TALE OF REAL WOE.

THE following little narrative is so strictly and literally true, that it does not require any ornament from fiction, nor any imbellishment from language. I shall relate it with the utmost simplicity, and the closest adherence to fact.

Near four years ago, a young woman stopped at a small village near Bristol, and begged the refreshment of a little milk. There was something so attractive in her whole appearance as to engage the attention of all around her. She was extremely young, and strikingly beautiful: her manners graceful and elegant, and her countenance interesting to the last degree: she was alone...a stranger...and in extreme distress: yet she ut-

tered no complaints, and used no arts to excite compassion. Her whole deportment and conversation bore visable marks of superior breeding, yet there was a wildness, an incoherence, and inconsistency in all she said and did. All day she wandered about in search of a place to lay her wretched head, and at night actually took up her lodging under an old hay-stack. The neighboring ladies remonstrated with her on the danger of so exposed a situation, but in vain; their bounty supplied her with the necessaries of life, but neither prayers nor menaces could induce her to sleep in a house. As she sometimes discovered evident marks of insanity, she was at length confined.

I pass over this period of her history....it is too touching for my own feelings.—At length she was released; with all the speed her small remains of strength allowed, she flew to her beloved hay-stack, though it was six miles from the place of her confinement. Her rapture was inexpressible on finding herself at liberty, and once more beneath this miserable shelter. It is now near four years since this forlorn creature has devoted herself to this desolate life, since she has known the comfort of a bed, or the protection of a roof. Hardship, sickness, intense cold, and extreme misery, have gradually injured her health, and impaired her beauty, but she is still a most interesting figure; there is an uncommon sweetness and delicacy in her air and manners; she is above all that vanity so common to her sex, and so natural to maniacs, for she will neither wear nor accept of any finery or ornament, but hangs them on the bushes as below her attention. She refuses to give the least account of herself; her silence on this head is invincible: her recollection seems impaired, and her whole mind visibly disturbed; yet her answers are pertinent enough, unless she suspects the question is meant to ensnare her. Her way of life is the most harmless and unoffending that can be imagined; every fine morning she walks round the villages, converses with the poor children, makes them presents of such things as are given her, and receives others in return; she will take no food except milk, tea, and the most sim-

ple diet. No means have been left unattempted by the neighboring ladies (one in particular, who has been her constant and unwearied benefactress) to prevail on her to live in a house, but her consant reply is, "That trouble and misery dwell in houses, and that there is no happiness but in liberty and fresh air." From a certain peculiarity of expression, with a slight foreign tincture in her pronunciation, and in the construction of some sentences, some have been led to conjecture, that she is not of this country. Various attempts have been made, at different times, to draw from this circumstance, some knowledge of her origin. About a year ago a gentleman spoke to her in the language of the continent; she appeared uneasy, restless, and embarrassed; but when he addressed her in German, her emotion was too great to be suppressed; she turned from him and burst into tears. The anecdote which is told in the neighborhood, was a few days ago, related to two gentlemen, whom humanity led to visit this forlorn creature. One of them, who spoke German fluently, made the experiment; she was evidently cofused, blushed, and from accident, or a knowledge in the language, answered some questions in English; but feeling as if she had been hurried into an imprudence, she artfully changed the subject, and denied having understood what had been said to her.

The preceding TALE OF REAL WOE (which first made its appearance in the St. James's Chronicle, and since in various other publications) has induced many to visit the unfortunate object alluded to, and they fully confirm the truth of this descriptive and affecting narration. Some persons feeling themselves particularly interested for her safety and welfare, and considering on every hand, the inclemencies to which she is exposed, are anxious to remove her to some suitable place, where every attendance may be given, which the circumstances of her case require, in order, if possible, to restore her to health of body and mind.

To conclude....If innocence and beauty in distress ....if delicacy and virtue, secluded from human society, where the rays of the understanding have ceased

to illume....are subjects of tender consideration, this instance of calamity has surely an especial claim to the tear of compassion....to the smile of benevolence.

BRISTOL, Dec. 12, 1781.

Friday, March 15. I called on Mr. Henderson, at Hannam, and spent some time with the poor, disconsolate creature. Such a sight, in the space of eighty years, I never beheld before. Pale and wan, worn with sorrow, beaten with wind and rain (having been so long exposed to all weathers) with her hair rough and frizzled, and a blanket wrapt round her. Native beauty gleamed through all. Her features were small and finely turned; her eyes had a peculiar sweetness; her arms and fingers were delicately shaped; her voice soft and agreeable. But her understanding was in ruins: she appeared partly insane, partly silly and childish. She would answer no questions concerning herself; only that her name was Louisa: seemed not to take notice of any person or thing, and seldom spake above a word or two at a time. Mr. Henderson has spared no pains, since she was brought to him. And with regard to her body he has been successful, having restored her to some degree of health. She appears to love him much (as indeed all the patients do) and he is exceeding tender of her. She is alone in a clean, large room, with a constant fire, and wants nothing that is proper for her.

Sometime since a gentleman called, who said, he came two hundred miles, on purpose to inquire after her. When he came in, she took no notice of him at all: but when he saw her face, he trembled exceedingly. All he said, was, "She was born in Germany; and is not four and twenty years old."

A gentleman in Devonshire affirms (how truly I cannot tell) That he knows her well: that her father is a German baron:—that a gentleman married her some years since, brought her over to England, and after a while deserted her. If this be true, a very easy account may be given of her insanity. But what a villain!

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF EDWARD HOPKINS, Esq.

SOME TIME GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.

THIS pious gentleman, it seems, was from time to time harassed with the fear of death; and in his last sickness he said, with tears, to his friends, "O pray for me; for I am in extreme darkness." But at length, on a Lord's day, at the time it was judged when he was prayed for in publick, light shone in upon his mind; his darkness was all dispelled, and he expressed himself in the following manner:...."O Lord, thou hast kept the good wine till the last. O friends! could you believe this? I shall be blessed for ever; I shall quickly be in eternal glory. Now let the world count me vile, and call me a hypocrite, or what they will, I matter it not, I shall be blessed: there is reserved for me a crown of glory. O blessed be God for Jesus Christ; I have heretofore thought it a hard thing to die, but now I find it is not so. If I might choose, I would now die. O my Lord, I pray thee send me not back into this vile world. I have enough of it....now take me to thy kingdom and glory, prepared for me. How often have I pleased myself with the thoughts of a joyful meeting with my father Eaton: I remember with what pleasure he used to come down the street, that he might meet me, when I came from Hartford to New-Haven;.....but with how much greater pleasure shall I meet my Father in heaven!"

One said to him,....Sir, the Lord hath enlarged your faith." He replyed...."Friend, this is since I am sensibly satisfied of everlasting glory." After this, he was visitted by some persons of distinction, in eminent public stations, to whom he said...."Sirs, take heed to your hearts, while you are in your work for God, that there be no root of bitterness cherished in them. It may be pretended, your desire is to serve

God; but if, at the same time, you have secret aims of advancing yourselves and your own interests, the Lord will not accept your services, as pure before him. The Lord Jesus has fulfilled my desires according to his word, and will fulfil the desires of them who fear him."

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REFLECTION ON DEATH.

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IF DEATH was nothing, and nought AFTER DEATH: if when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be, returning to the barren womb of nothing, whence first they sprung, then might the *debauchee* untrembling mouth the Heavens :....Then might the *drunkard* reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drain'd, fill up another to the brim, and laugh at the poor bugbear *death*.—But if there is an *hereafter*, and that there is, conscience, uninfluenced, and suffer'd to speak out, tells every man; then must it be an awful thing to *die*.

How shocking must thy summons be, O DEATH! To him that is at ease in his possessions: who counting on long years of pleasure here, is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come? In that dread moment, how the frantic *soul* raves round the walls of her clay tenement, runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help, but shrieks in vain!—How wishfully she looks on all she's leaving, now no longer hers! A little longer, yet a little longer, Oh! might she stay, to wash away her stains, and fit her for the passage.——Mournful sight, her very eyes weep blood; and every groan she heaves is big with horror.——But the foe, like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose, pursues her close through every lane of life, nor misses once the track but presses on; 'till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge, at once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

OF THE REMEMBRANCE OF OUR NATURAL STATE.

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"Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my Father's house?"

THE Apostles frequently reminded the first Christians of their former condition, in order to excite a proper sense of their obligations to the sovereign grace of God. *Remember*, says St. Paul to the Ephesians, *that ye being in time past Gentiles in the flesh, ye were without Christ—aliens—strangers, having no hope—without God in the world—dead in trespasses and sins—conformed to the world—under the power of the devil, children of disobedience, and children of wrath.*

But now—O! what a change—in consequence of God's *rich mercy and great love, you are quickened—saved—in Christ—made nigh by his blood—have access to God—are fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.* What a revolution! and how useful to make the contrast!

Perhaps this idea may be better impressed by the following anecdotes selected from history, in which persons, who had been elevated from mean beginnings to great dignity, have shown their humility and their wisdom in making proper acknowledgments of the wonderful change.

The EMPERORS OF CHINA are said to choose their consorts from among their own subjects, paying no attention to the dignity of their families, provided they possess qualifications suited to their intended rank. A certain emperor thought proper to raise to imperial honors, the daughter of a *mason;* who, in remembrance of her origin. kept by her one of her father's *trowels.* This humble utensil not only afforded her a constant lesson, but became an instrument of correction in the education of the prince her son; for if at any time assumed an air of arrogance, she would show him the *trowel;* "With this," said she, "your grandfather used to lay stones for his living:" And, thus was he reproved.

AGATHOCLES was the son of a *potter;* and became

the *king of Sicily*. He caused his name to be graven on vessels of *earth;* these he dispersed among his richest vases of silver and gold, that he might often recollect his descent.

LESCUS the IId. Was raised from the lowest station to be *king of Poland;* When he appeared on public days in his royal robes, he caused a mean garment of coarse cloth, which he had formerly worn, to be thrown over them, for the same reason.

IPHICRATES, that noble general of the *Athenians*, *in* the midst of his triumphs, cried out,—*From what, to what*?—From what misery, to what glory! How just a motto for the believer!

I remember to have heard, that a celebrated singer and actress on the English stage, not long since deceased, who, from being a low servant at a country inn, became a favorite performer and very rich, inscribed this motto on her chariot: "*Who would have thought it*?" Christian, take the hint. Time was, *you* were groveling in the dust, debased by sin, the captive of the devil, the enemy of God. You are now brought near by the blood of Christ, reconciled to God, united to Christ, adopted into the family of heaven, an heir of glory, a king and a priest to God —*Who* would have thought it? None but God, "whose thoughts are not as our thoughts." Soon shall your separated spirit mount aloft, unite in the songs and joys of the redeemed; and at length your "vile body," now the seat of sin and disease, and which will for a season be the food of worms, and the subject of corruption,—your vile body shall be delivered from the bondage of the grave, shall be raised up in honor, and made like to the immortal body of Christ himself. Methinks, when you enter heaven, survey your own glory, and reflect from whence you came, you will still exclaim—Who would have thought it?

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THE RIGHT WAY TO HAPPINESS.

LIVE to God—for yourself—and, for your fellow-mortals, and your end shall be *peace*. LUCANOS.

THE STATE OF THE HEATHENS BEFORE THEIR CONVERSION.

[TRANSLATED FROM A FRENCH AUTHOR.]

THEY who are unacquainted with history, suppose that the men who lived seventeen hundred years ago, were more artless, more innocent and more teachable, than those that are now alive. But the writings of those times which still remain, clearly prove the contrary. The crimes, whereof they give us so full accounts, were committed in the face of the sun. No one ran into a corner to commit them, or endeavored afterwards to conceal them. And the providence of God seems to have preserved these accounts, on purpose to shew, from what an abyss of corruption (described in short by *St. Paul* in the beginning of his epistle to the *Romans*) Jesus Christ delivered the world.

2. The ordinary diversion of the people of *Rome*, were to see men kill one another, or torn in pieces by wild beasts. And the governors of the provinces daily exercised the greatest cruelties upon those who were not *Romans*. The emperors put to death whom they pleased, without any process or trial; whence it was that bad princes shed so much blood, even of the most noble *Romans*. Their avarice was equal to their cruelty; so that all places were full of frauds, of falsehoods, of perjuries, of calumnies, of violences and oppression.

3. Yet in the midst of the *Roman* empire, yea of *Rome* itself, Christianity established itself: And that at a time when it was the most enlightened that it ever was, as well as the most corrupted. Nor could it more evidently appear, that the *Gospel* was *the power of God*, than by its triumphing over those very dispositions, which were of all others most opposite to it. What could be more opposite to the humility of faith and the simplicity of the Christian doctrine, than the haughtiness of self-conscious knowledge, and pride of understanding? What to the inward purity

it required, and the strictness of its morality, than that entire depravity of heart, and overflowing corruption of manners.

4. The manner of preaching the Gospel was different, according to the dispositions of the hearers. The apostles convinced the *Jews* by proofs drawn from their own prophets, and other parts of holy writ; the *Heathens*, by reasonings, more simple or more subtle, according to their capacity. But what most prevailed on the Heathens was, the miracles which were frequent for *two hundred* years after the apostles, the holy lives of the Christians, and their constancy in sufferings and death.

5. When any one desired to be a Christian, he was brought to the bishop, who carefully examined, what were the motives and causes of his desiring it, and what his life past had been. For none were received till they had renounced whatever was contrary to the law of Christ: and given proof for some time, that they were determined to make it the rule of their future life.

6. He who was judged sincere in his desire, was received by the bishop into the number of *Catechuments*. These were not only present at the public exposition of scripture (for so might the *Infidels* themselves) but had *Catechists* appointed for them, whose office it was, to instruct them severally in the *first* principles of Christianity, and to watch over them continually, that their practice might be answerable thereto. The common time for being a *Catechuman* was two years: but it might be either longer or shorter. It was always so long, till the person appeared to be changed in heart and life. The names of those who were judged to be thus changed, were to be given in at the beginning of *Lent*. And these, as well as the faithful, spent that solemn time, in watching, fasting and prayer. In the mean while they were instructed in the creed, and the misteries of the Christian faith: as to their progress therein, they were frequently examined in the church, before the congregation.

7. Toward the end of *Lent* they were taught the

Lords prayer, and instructed in the nature of the sacraments, and having been thus prepared, they were baptised on *Easter-eve*, that they might rise again with Christ: or on the eve of *Pentecost*, that they might be ready to receive the Holy Ghost. But though these were the stated times of baptism, even till the *tenth* age; yet they who were in danger of death were baptised at any time: as in case of open persecution.

8. The day of baptism being come, the *Catechumen* was brought to the baptistery. This was at first near the church, or in the church porch: afterwards in the church itself. Here after he had renounced the devil and all his works, he was questioned concerning the faith, and concerning his purpose of leading a Christian life. To which questions he gave distinct answers. He was then baptised in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. At his coming out of the water, a white garment was given him, for a token of the innocence which was now given him, and which he was to take care to preserve without spot unto his life's end. When the persons baptised were infants, their sureties or sponsors (as *Tertullian* calls them) answered for them. Immediately after baptism they were presented to the bishop to be confirmed, by prayer and imposition of hands; and for a long time after they were instructed and assisted, as by the priest, so by those who had witnessed for them, till they were throughly perfect in the faith, and fully prepared for every good work.

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APHORISMS.

SUPPOSE the furnace be heated *seven* times hotter? yet God can make you *seventy* times happier.

Those who are here crossed for *well doing*, shall be hereafter crowned with the *well dying*.

THE STATE OF CHRISTIANITY

AMONG THE JEWS UNTIL THE

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

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THE INTRODUCTION OF THE GOSPEL.

THE prophet Daniel, speaking as he was moved by the Holy Ghost, predicted the destruction of the four great monarchies, the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman, and the establishment of a kingdom which should be set up by the God of heaven, more glorious in its nature than any of the former. So very accurate was his account, that it detailed all the principal concomitant circumstances, and even the very time when it should take place*. It foretold, that, at the expiration of seventy weeks, this important event should commence. Accordingly, about the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar, that wonderful person, the Son of God, took upon him our nature, and appeared in our world, under the sublime character of an infalliable Teacher, an all-sufficient Mediator, and a spiritual and immortal King. It is unnecessary to enter here into the particular detail of his life and actions, with which all Christians must be perfectly acquainted. They must know that, during the space of three year, and amidst the deepest trials of affliction and distress, he

* NOTE.——*Daniel, ix.* 24. *By* seventy weeks *we are to understand* seventy weeks of years, *which make the number of four hundred and ninety. These were to commence at the* going forth of the commandment to restore Jerusalem, *&c. which was in the seventh year of* Artaxerxes Longimanus, *when Ezra received a commission from him for that purpose. This was in the* 4256*th year of the Julian period, to which if* 490 *be added, the amount will be* 4746, *the very year in which our Saviour was crucified.*

instructed the Jewish nation in the will and counsels of the Most High, and omitted nothing, in the course of his ministry, that could contribute either to gain the multitude, or to charm the wise. But every thing appeared inimical to the progress of the mighty work which he came to accomplish. Greece and Rome, which had successively carried their arms and customs into distant nations, and had attained the highest degree of science, afforded an awful evidence, that the *world by wisdom knew not God.* Their religion was composed of the most abominable superstition and idolatry; and their practice was such as puts humanity to the blush. The inhabitants of Judea, where stood the palace of the great King, a people favored for above two thousand years with a revelation from heaven, and on whose behalf the most high God had given so many signal displays of his mercy and love; even this people had so miserably revolted from their allegience to their great Law-giver, that when *he came to his own his own received him not*, but made the most violent opposition to his authority. Yet all these impediments to the progress of his great and merciful design, served only to exhibit additional testimonies of the dignity of its divine Author, and adduce decisive proofs that the work was of God. The rulers of the people, being unable to endure any longer the purity of his morals, the splendor of his miracles, and the poignancy of his doctrine, maliciously conspired against his life; and most cruelly crucified him. Thus by the shedding of his blood, he saved unnumbered millions, and laid the foundation of that kingdom and government of which there was to be no end. His resurrection from the dead, on the third day, according to the Scriptures, confounded his adversaries, and filled Jerusalem with astonishment. Having ascended up far above all Heavens, he poured out the Holy Ghost upon persons chosen of God to be apostles, thereby qualifying for the successful discharge of the duties upon which they were about to enter. Immediately they erected the standerd of their royal Master, in the ve-

ry place where he had been insulted and cruelly murdered. Unsupported by the secular arm, bearing no weapons but those of divine truth, such was the amazing effect of their enterprise, that in a few days many thousands fell before them, and embraced the gospel of the grace of God.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH.

In Jerusalem the first Christian church was constituted. Utility and simplicity distinguished its organization. The officers essential to its prosperity were *elders*, who exercised the pastoral function, and *deacons*, who superintended its temporal concerns. These were chosen by the suffrage of the people. The apostolic office, though by far the most eminent, was merely temporary, and adapted to the exigencies of the church in its infant state. We have the testimony of one, who was never suspected of partiality for the gospel, that, "the primitive church was united only by the ties of faith and charity; independence and equality formed the basis of its constitution." To the morals of its members the most rigorous attention was paid; and discipline, in all its awful inflexibility, was impartially maintained. The disciples of the immaculate Jesus trod in the footsteps of this glorious leader, and emulated each other in zeal for good works. What humility, what forbearance, what brotherly love, what self-denial, what kindness towards all men, and devotion towards God, marked the character of the primitive believers!

THE DOCTRINE OF THE CHURCH.

THE doctrine, which those pristine days exhibited, was clear and simple, free from those metaphysical ambiguities which have embarrassed and distracted the churches of God in all succeeding ages. The Godhead of the Lord Jesus, and his expiatory sacrifice; the divine energy of the Holy Ghost in the renewal of the sinner's mind to repentance; the experimental enjoyment of divine truth, and its influence upon our lives and tempers; were constantly inculcated; and

the absolute necessity of faith in these doctrines was invariably urged upon all who were admitted into Christian communities.

THE PERSECUTION OF THE CHURCH.

THE import of that ancient declaration, I *will put enmity between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent* soon appeared. In the early settlement of Christianity immediate war was waged against the Church of God. Its members were insulted, imprisoned, brought before rulers, beaten and massacred! But such was the wisdom of Christ, in confouding the devices of his inveterate foes, that he rendered the persecution, which they intended for the destruction of his infant cause, subservient to the enlargement of his own kingdom. In the manly defence which some made of the doctrines of the gosple, and in the triumphant deaths of others, the energy of devine grace appeared so conspicuous, that error was confounded, truth more firmly established, and persecutors themselves not unfrequently constrained to acknowledge that the religion they had been opposing was truly divine. Stephen, the first who was honored with Christian martyrdom, affords an illustrious instance of the dignified composure with which they suffered. Many of those who fled from Jerusalem to avoid the outrage of their barbarous, persecutors, carried the Gospel with them, and planted it in most parts of Judea, and the neighboring nations. Depraved nature, every where the same, cried, *let us cut them off from being a people.* But like the Israelites of old, *the more they were oppressed, the more they multiplied and grew.* Disseminating truth among Jews and Gentiles, they ceased not, wheresoever dispersed, *to teach and preach Jesus Christ.*

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

LONG did the King of nations bear with his own rebellious subjects, but the period was hastening when retaliation should be made for all the righteous blood which they and their fathers had shed. About

the year 70, *Titus*, the son of the Roman emperor *Vespasian*, was employed as the cheif instrument in the execution of the divine threatenings.

Consonantly to our Saviour's prediction, he cast a trench about the city, in which, according to the calculation of their own historian *Josephus*, two millions five hundred and sixty-five thousand Jews were assembled, from all parts, to selebrate the feast of the passover. Contending parties within the walls waded in each other's blood; the plague slew incredible numbers; and so terribly did famine rage, that an opulent woman fulfilled the prophecy of Moses, by killing and eating her tender infant, the sensibilities of maternal affection being lost in the cravings of insatiable hunger. (*Lev.* xxvi. 29.) The Temple, once the residence of the heavenly Majesty, was sacked, burned, its very foundations ploughed up, and the whole city laid in one vast dreadful ruin. Those who perished in the siege amounted to one million one hundred thousand; eight hundred ninety-seven thousand were taken captive, and scattered through the whole world, whose offspring remain to this day, *a proverb, a by-word, and a reproach among all nations.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

AN INFALIBLE MEDICINE

FOR THE CURE OF A DANGEROUS DISORDER,

TO BE HAD GRATIS.

WHEREAS a most violent and dangerous disease has greatly prevailed in this neighborhood, as well as in many other places, much resembling the plague, a friend of mankind has thought it expedient to publish the following acount of it, with its various symptoms and effects, and to recommend a method

of cure, which has never failed in a single instance. This disease has long been known among the learned by a variety of names. The *Greek physicians* called it AMARTIA. It may be discovered by the following symptoms. The *head* is always affected, particularly the eyes, so that most objects are mistaken for each other. The *understanding* is clouded. The patient is sometimes *deaf*, especially to certain subjects of discourse. The tongue is so strangely disordered, that it speaks perverse and blasphemous words. The patient has occasional fits of *lameness*, especially when it is proposed to walk to a place of worship. But the heart is the principal seat of the disease, from the affections of which, the senses and members are also disordered. This disease is, upon good grounds, supposed to be hereditary, and may be traced back to the common parent of mankind. It is therefore *universal;* so that there never was but one Man in the world exempted from a taint of it.

The present effects of this disorder are very dreadful. It sometimes produces a raging *fever*, insatiable thirst, and extreme restlessness. The mind is at times alarmed and filled with *anxiety*. The patient discovers *pride*, *envy*, *malice*, *covetousness*, *lust* and *deceit*. His family, friends, and neighbors, are frequently sufferers, as many in this place can testify. Magistrates are sometimes forced to interfere, and though they seldom attempt a cure, they prevent his doing further mischeif.

But the final consequences of this disease are formidable in the utmost degree. Unless timely assistance be afforded (which must generally be in the early stages of it), the patient inevitably perishes. Death, dreadful death, must ensue; and that, attended with such circumstances of misery, horror, and dispair, that humanity is constrained to draw a veil over the terrible scene.

It is necessary to add, that by far the greater part of those on whom it preys, are utterly insensible of their condition, and unwilling to admit that they are ill. It is probable that some who read this advertisement may feel themselves angry with this representa-

tion of their case, and be ready to throw it aside with disdain. A certain indication this, that the patient is dangerously disordered. But this may, at the same time, account for the general and fatal neglect of applying in time to

THE PHYSICIAN.

This extraordinary Man is not indeed a *seventh son*, but the *only Son* of a most high and distinguished Personage. He was intended for the profession from his birth, and in all respects properly qualified for it. His skill tenderness, and care, were never impeashed by any one of the thousands of patients whom he has perfectly restored. His practice has been incomparably extensive, and millions can testify, that by Him the blind have received their sight, the lame have leaped as an hart, lepers have been cleansed, the deaf have been made quick of hearing, and many dead persons have been restored to life. After a life of the most benevolent exertions, he was put to death by the malice of some ignorant practitioners, who envied his fame and success. However, the world still reaps the benefit of that *specific medicine* which he prepared. Certain persons, appointed by him, committed his advice to writing, and have recorded it in a most excellent family book, which has gone through a thousand editions, and is commonly called

THE BIBLE.

Here we learn that *sin* is the great disease of the human race, that it has the most unhappy effects on the bodies and souls of men; that it has introduced all the miseries under which they groan. Herein also we are taught that no man can cure himself of this disease; and though a multitude of quacks have recommended nostrums of their own, there is only one medicine in the world that can effect a cure.

Reader, go and learn what that meaneth: *The blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all sin.*

A REMARKABLE STORY.

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UGOLINO, a Florentine count, in a poem of *Dante*'s, gives the following description of his being imprisoned, with his children, by the archbishop of *Ruggiari*.

"The hour approached when we expected to have something brought us to eat. But instead of seeing any food appear, I heard the doors of that horrible dungeon more closely barred. I beheld my little children in silence, and could not weep. My heart was petrified! The little wretches wept, and my dear Anselm said, *Tu guardi si, padre; che hai? father, you look on us! what ails you?* I could neither weep nor answer, and continued swallowed up in silent agony all that day and the following night, even to the dawn of day. As soon as the glimmering ray darted through the doleful prison, that I could view again those four faces, in which my own image was impressed, I gnawed both my hands with grief and rage. My children believing I did this through egerness to eat, said to me, My father! our torments would be less, if you would allay the rage of your hunger upon us. We were all mute that day and the following. *Quel di, e paltro, stemmo tutti muti.* The fourth day being come, Gaddo falling extended at my feet, cried, *Padre mio, che non m'ajuti! My father, why do you not help me?* and died. The other three expired, one after the other, between the fifth and sixth day, famished as thou seest me now! And I, being seized with blindness, began to grope upon them with my hands and feet; and continued calling them by their names three days after they were dead. *E tre di li chiamai poiche fur morti:* then *hunger vanquished my grief.*

There is a most striking picture of this in the duke of *Dorset*'s collection of pictures at Nore, near *Sevenoaks*.

AN INFALIBLE CURE FOR

PUTRID FEVERS.

A Respectable Clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Cartwright, *of England, has lately favored the public with information of a very interesting nature, respecting the treatment of* Putrid Fevers. *The following is a copy thereof, from a work recently published in London.—I hope, that by its being made as public as possible, it may facilitate the recovery, if not preserve the lives, of thousands of my fellow citizins.*

March 4, 1803. D. B.

"SEVENTEEN years ago, says Mr. Cartwright, I went to reside at Brampton, a populous village near Chesterfield. I had not been there many months, before a putrid fever broke out amongst us. Finding by far the greater number of my parishioners too poor to afford themselves medical assistance, I undertook, by the help of such books on the subject of medicine as were in my possession, to prescribe for them. I early attended a boy about fourteen years of age, who was attacked by this fever. He had not been ill many days, before the symptoms were unequivocally putrid. I then administered the bark, wine, and such other remedies as my books directed. My exertions were however of no avail: His disorder grew every day more untractable and malignant, so that I was in hourly expectation of his dissolution. Being under the necessity of taking a journey, before I set off I went to see him, as I thought for the last time, and I prepared his parents for the event of his death, which I considered as inevitable, and reconciled them in the best manner I was able, to a loss which I knew they would feel severely. While I was in conversation on this distressing subject with his mother, I observed in a small corner of the room, a tub of wort working. The sight brought to my recollection an experiment I had somewhere met

with, of a peice of putrid meat being made sweet by being suspended over a tub of wort in the act of fermentation. The idea flashed into my mind, that the yeast might correct the putrid nature of this disease, and I instantly gave him two large spoonfuls. I then told the mother, if she found her son better, to repeat this dose every three hours. I then set out for my journey. Upon my return a few days after, I anxiously enquired after the boy, and was informed he was recovered. I could not repress my curiosity, tho' I was greatly fatigued with my journey, and night was come on; I went directly to where he lived, which was three miles off, in a wild part of the moors. The boy himself opened the door, looked surprisingly well, and told me he felt better the instant he took the yeast.

"After I left Brampton, I lived in Leicestershire. My parishioners there being few and opulent; I dropped my medical character intirely, and would not prescribe for my own family. One of my domestics falling ill, the Apothecary was sent for. His complaint was a violent fever, which in its progress became putrid. Having great reliance, and deservedly, on the Apothecary's penetration and judgment, the man was left solely to his management. His disorder however kept daily gaining ground, till at length the Apothecary considered him in very great danger. At last, finding every effort to be of service to him, baffled, he told me, he considered it to be a lost case, and that in his opinion the man could not survive twenty-four hours. On the Apothecary thus giving him up, I determined to try the effects of yeast. I gave him two large spoonfuls; and in fifteen minutes from taking the yeast, his pulse, tho' still feeble, began to get composed and full. He, in thirty-two minutes from taking it, was able to get up from his bed, and walk in the room. At the expiration of the second hour, I gave him a bason of sago, with a good deal of lemon, wine and ginger in it; he ate it with an apetite. In another hour I repeated the yeast. An hour afterwards I gave the bark as before; at the next hour he had food; next had another

dose of yeast, and then went to bed. It was nine o'clock: He told me he had a good night, and was recovered. I, however, repeated the medicine, and he was soon able to go about his business as usual.

"About a year after this, I was riding past a detached farm-house, at the out skirts of the village, I observed a farmer's daughter standing at the door, apparently in great affliction. On enquiring into the cause of her distress, she told me, her father was dying. I dismounted, and went into the house to see him. I found him in the last stage of a putrid fever: His tongue was black, his pulse was scarcely perceptable, and he lay stretched out like a corpse, in a state of drowsy insensibility. I immediately procured some yeast, which I diluted with water, and poured down his throat. I then left him, with little hopes of recovery. I returned however in about two hours, and found him sensible, and able to converse. I then gave him a dose of bark. He afterwards took, at proper intervals, some refreshment. I stayed with him till he repeated the yeast, and then left him, with directions how to proceed. I called upon him the next morning at nine o'clock. I found him aparently well, and walking in his garden. He was an old man, upwards of seventy. I have since administered the yeast to above fifty persons laboring under putrid fevers: and what is singular, I have not lost a patient."

POETRY.

THERE IS A RIVER, THE STREAMS WHEREOF MAKE GLAD THE CITY OF GOD. *Psalm* xlvi. 4.

BLESS'D city! whose fair dwellings stand
On freedom's consecrated land;
While near, the peaceful waters glide,
And waft their gifts with ev'ry tide:
Joys and refreshments bless the ground,
And gladden'd nature smiles around.

So where the gospel winds its course,
Its healing streams become the source
Of bliss divine, of heav'nly grace,
Of faith, of purity, of peace,
Of wisdom coming from above,
Of meekness, gentleness, and love.

O Zion! thus thy land is bless'd,
A land for favors still confess'd;
Thine is the grace, the gospel flows
In streams which all thy walls inclose,
Diffuse prolific virtues round,
And fertilize the happy ground.

Beneath thy verdant banks appear
The burden'd ships, thy hopes to cheer,
For commerce fam'd; from distant lands
They bring the produce to thine hands;
Thy gladden'd sons the stores embrace,
And eager thirst for gospel grace.

Goodness and pleasure, hope and joy,
Thy sacred anthems shall employ;
Thy faithful subjects bought with blood,
In converse sweet to walk with God,
Shall ever in thy peace rejoice,
And praise their King with thankful voice.

Jesus thy King, for ever reigns,
His arm the government sustains;
Ere long, all nations shall submit,
Worship and bow before his feet:
Completed then shall Zion rise,
And join with Zion in the skies.

There unto us our God will prove
Rivers and streams of endless love.
There shall our little barks abide
Secure from ev'ry angry tide;
While gentlest breezes ever blow,
And endless consolation flow.

THE

CHRISTIAN CABINET.

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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

TWO YOUNG LADIES, CONTRASTED.

[BY A LADY]

[*Concluded from Page* 125.]

THE ways of God to man, it would be well to mark. It is evident to me, and confirmed by observation, that every soul, previous to their departure from life, have loud, and sometimes frequent calls to save their immortal spirits by turning to God; sometimes by dreams, sometimes by godly people being thrown in their way; at other times by solemn impressions on the mind, and a weight about their heart which imbitters all their joys. Under these circumstances, if the poor soul would fly to a crucified Saviour, instead of the world for relief, they would find one, willing and able to save even from eternal death, and all its bitter hopeless consequences.

To me, said Theodore, the company and conversation of you, and your family, has been the soundest preaching I have ever heard; and I feel determined, God being my helper, to obey the blessed invitation—to break off from amusements, cards, and company, and seek the favor of God with my whole heart. I

am now convinced, Religion is a real change, and worth more than both the Indies,—It is worth more, my son, said the good old Saint, than ten thousand susch worlds as this; you will have no doubt, when you have found this peace of God, which passeth understanding. I am charmed with your resolution; come to my bosom, said he, opening his arms, and share its joys—Theodore wept, while the old gentleman was raising his swimming eyes to heaven, prayed earnestly for blessings to descend upon the young man's head.

Isabella now came down from her chamber, like a pure spirit from above, were she had been pouring out her soul into the bosom of Deity: She was agreeably surprized to see Theodore, and more so when her father informed her, he was rejoicing over a repenting sinner. That is news indeed worth rejoicing over, said Isabella, for God and angels share our joys.

O! said Theodore, you humble me, I am not worthy the interest you take in me; for you know not half my vileness.—Follow us and we will lead to a fountain, where all will be washed away, and you, though spotted as a leopard, shall be made white as snow. This Sir, was the intent of my visit, I knew well you were able to instruct me; but alas! all you say makes me appear worse.—Blessed be God for that, you are not far from the kingdom of heaven. The Lord will shew you there is no health in you, and then you will apply to the physician who alone can save.

They were now called in to tea, a little table was covered, and fruit, curds, cream and tea, with other refreshments placed thereon; before they sat down, the following Hymn was sung with wrapt devotion.

Be present at our table Lord,
Be here, and every where ador'd;
Thy people bless, and grant that we,
May feast in Paradise with thee.

Isabella made many tender enquiries about her

friend, but they were ingeniously evaded by Theodore: He knew well the first bringer of unwelcome news has but a lowering office. After an hour spent round the table in heavenly converse, Mr. Leeds rose, and clasping his hands, thanked God for the blessings at this time dispensed. Blessed his holy name for the gift of speech—for social joys—and that while they had been together, the glory of God, and the good of souls was the chief object in view. Prayed for a continuance of God's blessings, and a seat in the kingdom of heaven.

While Isabella was employed in removing the tea-table, the servants were at supper. At their meals, it was an invariable rule never to call them off on any occasion. Having finished her little task, this lovely girl, with her accustomed ease, placed a stand before her father, with candles, a bible, and hymn book; and then seating herself between Theodore, and her mother, joined in the conversation, and gave new charms to it, by her animated zeal. When the clock struck nine, all were silent, and there appeared an uncommon solemnity on every face. Theodore looked around him with surprise, and could form no idea of this sudden change. But a moment after, he saw the door open, and the servants uncalled enter, and take their seats at the lower end of the room. After they had been seated a few minutes, the book of God was opened, and every soul appeared to hear as if for life. Mr. Leeds then stood up, and with emphasis, said, let us praise God. Music now poured forth its sweetest notes, and happily prepared the devout soul for prayer, and thanksgiving. All kneeling, after a solemn pause, Mr. Leeds began his prayer. He soared aloft like the towering Eagle, bearing every heart with him; his words appeared to take wing, and ascend into the ears of the Almighty. For the first time in my life I have prayed, said Theodore to himself, as he arose from his knees. The servants solemnly withdrew to their different quarters, and the little company spent another hour in serious talk, after which each retired. Poor Theodore had now such views of himself, and examples of piety in

others, that he slept but little. Just as the sun arose, he was awakened by singing in the parlour, he started from his bed, and with all imaginable speed hastened down stairs, that he might join the morning service. As he approached the door, Isabella began her prayer; there was a fervor, a life and power in her words that pierced his very heart, but when with streaming eyes, and a tremulous voice, she interceeded for the young man now under the protection of their roof; that the Lord would be graciously pleased to convert his soul, and that the time might be now: Now is the day of Salvation. Oh! what engagedness did this give to Theodore, he was touched in a manner he never knew before, for the immediate pardon of his sins, and before he rose from his humble posture; he could testify that God for Christ's sake had heard the prayer of faith. With the most lively gratitude on rising, he presented himself before Isabella, and acknowledged with tears of joy, the great things that had passed in his heart under her prayer. Isabella gave her hand, and raising her lovely eyes suffused with grateful tears to heaven, thanked the great hearer of prayer, and besought God to bless him with his continued favor and protection to the end of his life.

After breakfast, Theodore tore himself away from this blessed place and family; but not 'till he had begged permission to renew his visits. On riding homeward, Oh! exclaimed he—can it indeed be that I am received, and enlisted among the number of Christ's little ones. 'Tis scarcely so, sensations altogether new and delightful, filled my peaceful bosom, I have such a sense of the pardon of my sins as none but God could give, and no created being could reason me out of it. Dear Isabella! How is my love to you heightened! How is it purified and refined!—'Tis now worthy the object that inspired it—Oh that I may prove true to my high and holy calling: Vain world, I bid you a long and everlasting adieu. The charm that once bound me, is broken and dissolved; and far superior engagements, and more honorable ties claim my future days, and all my affections.

For me; for me! The Saviour died! Thus ruminating on his present and future joys. He arrived in town just time enough to attend Melissa's funeral; after which, he paid a visit to the parents, whom he found sinking under the weight of their misery, and too much engrossed by their sorrow, to give the least heed to the advice he was now prepared to give. He returned to his lodging, and bolting his door, cast himself down on his knees in prayer and supplication for these unfortunates. Their sorrow is bitter said he, and there is cause; an immortal spirit is plunged even by those who gave it birth, into eternal darkness, in all human probability; but this is not what afflicts them; 'tis their present loss. Alas! alas! 'tis to be feared this hopeless sorrow will bring them to their graves, for the sorrow of the world worketh death.

After some days, Theodore again visited his relations, and fain would have led them to a dying Saviour. He plainly shewed they had nothing to hope for in this life, but from religion; he told them what it meant: But they could not cast a look that way, without despair and sorrow. They could give no credit to Theodore's representations, because all the world, and especially what they termed the enlightened part of it, were of a different opinion. He left them after many fruitless efforts, to instruct them, in all the misery of hopeless sorrow. Time rolled on, and Theodore was found still happy in his choice, and always determined to live to God, and to serve him with his whole heart. He made many visits in the country, and always returned strengthened, and refreshed in his spirit, and encouraged to double his diligence in the divine life.

On finding, after frequent visits, Isabella industriously avoided giving him an opportunity of declaring his great affection for her, he one day declared his sentiments to her father, flattering himself, that possibly Isabella might require her father's approbation, in the first instance.

I have been long convinced said the good old man, of your attachment, and know well, how ten-

der and delicate your affection for my daughter must be, under your peculiar circumstances; know that it has ever been a maxim with her, that he comes too near who comes to be denied. I have lately had some conversation with her on the subject, and find her entirely averse to entering into any engagements, that might be a means of retarding her progress in the divine life. Her time she says is now all her own, and she finds it too short for the great work she is engaged in. Her situation she observes, is peculiarly happy.—That had Providence placed her in a gay and worldly family, where she was exposed to company, she might possibly have seen it her duty to reason in a different way—but the sudden death of her young friend, had so impressed her with the shortness of time, and its importance, that she could not give herself leisure to think of her attachments. These reasons my son, were so forcible, I could say nothing against them. But be assured, my Theodore, no earthly thing would give me half the pleasure. Such an union should you both continue engaged in religion as you now are, would make me perhaps too happy. Theodore attempted to speak, but could not.—Mr. Leeds requested him always to visit at the house as he had done; unless, said he, you should find it hurtful.—I thank you, said Theodore, taking the old gentleman's hand in both his, and pressing it to his lips, I hope you will pray for me, that this, the most severe disappointment I have ever met with, may prove a blessing to me. And it will, my manly Theodore, replied he, embracing him, all things shall work together for good to them that love God

On entering the room where Isabella and her mother was sitting at their sewing, Theodore thought he should never see such another mother and daughter: every thing he beheld was doubly interesting, and he was obliged to go to the window to give vent to his tears. Isabella felt what passed in his heart, and the sympathetic tear frequently started in her eye:—she was often so deeply affected, as to leave the room on some slight pretence, and pray for sup-

port and resolution under this trial.—At length the tedious day wore away, and Isabella for the first time, rejoiced in the absence of Theodore.

Isabella from this time became more thoughtful, and appeared more disengaged from the world, her conversation was at times so elevated and sublime, as shewed the work of grace was greatly deepened in her soul. She dwelt much on the state of the righteous after death, and the happines of spending an eternity, with the very best characters, every age has produced, since the creation. To behold the great Head of the church, in all his refulgent glory: to fall at his feet, in holy extacies, owning him, our Deliverer, our God, our All. She continued from day to day to become more like an inhabitant of another world, rejoicing in every opportunity that offered of doing good:—she would walk to the little farm-houses, talk to the cottagers, instruct their children, and pray with them if she had any opening. Her father and mother often accompanied her; and hard indeed was that heart, on which she left not some impression.

In the mean time, Theodore did not forget the friendly invitation he had received; he often visited, and always thought he saw a change in his young friend, that alarmed him for her safety. Both parents watched her looks with the most anxious solicitude; and afraid to speak their fears in each other's hearing. One night in family duty, Isabella prayed with much earnestness, that her parents might be made in a particular manner resigned to the will of their heavenly Father: that they might see his ways to be best; and that under every bereavment, God would administer the cup of consolation, that their joy might be full. A few days after this preparation, Isabella was brought home very unwell, being entirely overcome by walking. Her mother, when she kissed her, previous to going to bed, said, my dear, shall I sleep with you: no mamma, I am not worse than usual, do not distress yourself, I am, I shall be happy.---Oh my angelic girl, said her mother, embracing her, all I hope will yet be well.---Pray,

my dearest mother, pray continually for resignation.--- I will, my sweet counsellor, I will.---Three times after midnight did the dear Lady steal silently into her daughter's chamber, and found her each time, in a sweet composed sleep.—At length, comforted and calm in mind, this heavenly pair laid down to rest, and arose in the morning refreshed and strengthened; and as soon as their private devotions were over, they both walked into Isabella's room, and said to her, you have been up before us, my dear, as you have already began your reading.

I have had a blessed night in every sense of the word, said Isabella, and awoke early to breathe my grateful acknowledgments to him who gave it.

My daughter, God is good, and I am rejoiced in your constant spiritual frame. But, you are not as well in health to-day as you were yesterday. I would do nothing without your consent—will you permit me to send for Dr. B——? If it will be any satisfaction to my dear parents, I have no objection.—A servant was immediately dispatched to town, and had also orders to inform Theodore that Isabella was unwell.——Shall we perform family duty here, or will you go down. I will attend below, said Isabella, I do not feel worse than yesterday; but I think I am more weak. They had a solemn season in prayer:—the looks of the lovely Isabella were so suddenly changed, and the Doctor being sent for, threw a gloom on every face, but one.-----At breakfast, Isabella was the only cheerful person; she even ate more than common, and would invite her father and mother to do the same. Soon after the table was removed, her father taking her hand, said, my dearest Isabella, I read your thoughts—and see plainly your dissolution near: but my dear child, you may be deceived, and I hope are.—Often the faithful Christian has such views of the joys above, that the soul is on the wing, and wishes the moment to arrive; and desires, in a lively imagination, may produce a belief that the thing is really so.—It is time, said she, I have often glorious foretastes of that, which eye hath not seen, ear heard, neither hath it entered into the

heart of man to conceive: But my much loved father, I have no impatience to be gone—my mind is easy, and calm. With respect to the disposition of providence, I have the most perfect, the most intire resignation. I know every hour of my life, that God loves me; how then can I cease to believe, that whatever happens to me, will be the very best for me: I have long seen my time was very short, and have endeavored in my poor weak way, to improve it, to the best advantage. Her mother's tears prevented her at this time from saying more on the subject: taking her hand, with tenderness, inexpressible, she besought her to be comforted. The exertions of the fair Isabella, were too much for her languid health; she fainted in the arms of her father. —All is then too true, cried the afflicted Mrs. Leeds: my child is dying: she hastily rung the bell, and the servants instantly appearing, assisted in bringing the young lady again to herself. My precious Mary, said Mr. Leeds, fear not; the cup our Father puts into our hands, he himself will sweeten.—Isabella once more opened her eyes, and fixing them upon her mother, exclaimed in a soft voice, Heaven, my dear mamma, is opened in my soul; the bless I feel is undescribable.—Jesus is present, only let me see you happy, and I have nothing left to ask.—My beloved, your words only give consolation.

The Doctor and Theodore now entered the parlor. She stretched out her hand to the latter, and with a look of inexpressible sweetness, said, I am glad to see you, my dear friend, do you remember my last advice, and have you made any progress in the way of holiness.—Your advice is very fresh in my mind, and grateful to my heart.—You have always been a blessing to me, and I trust I have made advances in the Christian race sinse I had last the happiness of conversing with you. Glory to God, said she in a holy extacy! my daily prayer is answered.

Mr. Leeds taking the Doctor aside, related the circumstances of Isabella's disorder, and then requested his opinion. I will see the young lady, and

speak to her; and then I shall be better able to judge. Her head was sweetly reclining on the bosom of her mother, and Theodore on his knees by her side, bathing her hand with his tears, when the Doctor re-entered with her father. He seated himself beside her, and feeling her pulse, desired she should drink a glass of old wine immediately. This gave a transient glow to her cheek, which re-animated the heart of Theodore, and the anxious parents.

What says my pulse, Doctor, said the smiling patient? But before you speak, let me counsel. It is always best to speak the truth; and be assured, the truth will be required by God at your hands—never suffer a poor soul to be deceived on the brink of eternity?—Why, my dear young Lady, we do not often meet with patients willing to hear it.—The more occasion for speaking, and after this, you have thus far done your duty. The poor wretch, if miserable hereafter, cannot accuse you. Why is death dreaded as the worst of evils? The sting of death is sin; and how can the victory be obtained, till the cause is removed.—Thanks be to God, who gives us the victory, through our Lord Jesus.—Though I would warn every one to beware of putting off repentance till a death bed; yet I caution every one, who have their senses, not even then to despair.

But believe me, dear Sir, it is far the best, and safest way, to begin early to give up the affections to God. Your tenderness in affliction, and unremiting attention in sickness, has endeared you to me. I have prayed to God for your conversion; for without it, I know and feel you are undone forever. Seek to know your sins are all forgiven for Christ's sake. When you come before the great I AM in prayer, bring Jesus with you, or you cannot be heard; plead the merits of his death and passion; 'tis all prevailing. The physician was affected—he thanked her: and said he hoped he should not be unmindful of her injunctions.

The question each dreaded to ask, was again repeated by the peaceful Isabella.—You are very low indeed, Miss Leeds: but I think spiced wine, cau-

dle, and other things of a nutricious nature, may be given with very good effects.—It may perhaps prolong the space a little; and for the sake of my dear weeping, much loved friends, I am willing to take whatever my weakness will bear. She continued easy, and happy all day; In the evening, was suddenly seized with a pain in her breast, that appeared to wreck her tender frame. Several godly freinds, hearing of Isabella's illness, came to stay all night, and offer their prayers, and assistance.

Being too ill to remove, a bed was soon fitted up in the parlor for her accommodation. My dear pappa, said she, the clock strikes; let not duty be omitted, for the first time, on my account. It has always been delightful to me, and will continue so. The family were then called together. Mr. Leeds said, my dear, will we not sing.—Praise, my dear father, will soon be our eternal employment; let us join in it now—perhaps it may be the last time here.—A hymn adapted to the occasion; was read, but sighs and tears interrupted the singing. The good man of the house, then went to prayer, and the power, and presence of God, was felt by all present. After him Isabella prayed with a firm, equal, but low voice, and now the windows of Heaven were opened, and blessings sweetly descended into every waiting soul.—She particularly besought resignation for her honored father, her much loved mother, and distressed Theodore—on this subject her soul was enlarged, and she found such happiness in petitioning for them, that she knew not when to cease. After her, several of the friends prayed, and God was present to bless, to comfort, and to heal. When they had all finished; With a heavenly look Isabella said, my father, my mother, are you comforted, are you resigned, to let your daughter go a short journey before you to the land of rest.—Yes my love, said her mother, the Lord has made me willing in the day of his power.—My father I see is all I could wish him to be. But how is it with my friend Theodore.—I am, blessed be God, happy under the cross, tho' my soul drinks deep, of the cup of sorrow. She

then spoke to each of the servants, in a most comforting, and encouraging manner. Thanked them for their kind attentions to her, and obliging conduct. Charged them to shew a double attatchment to their master, and mistress, otherwise in little things, said she, I shall be the more missed.—Her mother now besought her, to take a little spiced wine: to dismiss all the company, but such as intended to watch; and endeavor to take a little rest. —Let them but stay a little longer, I have much to say. I will take a glass of wine, and let some be handed round, I think there are none present, but will drink it new with me in the kingdom of my father; and remember even in heaven this memorable night.

I look upon it continued she as one of the singular advantages of my life to have been born of religious parents. The respect Sir, said she addressing herself to her father, that I have always felt for you; I have endeavored to testify by a life of obedience to your wishes.—You have been to me a pleasant child, and be assured my dear, I have ever had in veiw your future good as well as your present advantage, and now at this solemn moment we both reap the benefit.—We do said she, clasping her hands together; and shall to all eternity.

My dear mother said she, the love I bear you can scarce be told. Your tenderness---the mildness of your reproofs---your sweet counsels and dispasionate advise, ever led me to look up to you, as a patron of Christian, and female excellency.

The virtues of parents, whose example cast a light around them, has often been the cause of grateful praise here, and will be hereafter. My respect for you, did not induce me ever to conceal my thoughts or my actions. In but one instance of any importance, I have deviated; and for it, I now humbly ask your forgiveness, while I make my confession. Theodore, said she, I loved you; and my reason for concealing it, was my determination to conquer it, because of a persuasion that the hour of separation was at hand. The conquest was difficult; but glory to God, it

has been a long time compleat, and God is loved alone. Many prayers by night and day, have I sent to heaven for your conversion, and after that, for your progress, and peace—they have all been answered, and I die contented and happy.---Poor Theodore was overwhelmed with this last interesting relation.—Exalted woman, said he, taking her hand, and pressing it to his lips, you have kept this secret but too well.—I had my reasons; they were many and weighty. She then stretched out her hand, and taking her father's, and mother's, she gave Theodore to them. Receive him from me, she said, with a look of the sweetest satisfaction and let him always hold my place in your affections. And, Theodore I solemnly charge you, be thou the staff of their declining age.—Ah! said Theodore you have provided for my future happiness indeed, by giving me a charge so pleasing, and a station so dignified to fill.---We receive him, said the weeping parents, and shall ever love him, for your sake.---All is well, said Isabella; a happy life is crowned with a happier death; my mind is unburdened of its every care, and looks forward to a hope full of immortality; where I shall soon meet these dear friends and part no more for ever. My dearest mother, once more take me in your arms; weep not precious woman, I am happier than I have breath to tell; then kissing her parents, blessing, and thanking them, for their care of, and love to her; she then cast a look at Theodore, and with a heavenly smile, said, keep the crown in view, and meet me THERE, looking upwards. Blessings on you, farewell; we soon shall meet again. Exhausted with speaking, she fainted; and all present supposed her dead; but on a closer examination, they found the soul had not departed its lovely mansion. After she was recovered, she composedly lay down, and got a refreshing sleep of some hours. On awaking, she said, in a low voice, my dear friends, I am surprized to find myself still on the shore of time. I have had such views of the mansions of bliss, as far exceeds the power of language to express. I have seen the shining ones. They are

now waiting to conduct me to the presence of my Saviour; and I am almost impatient to launch my little bark into the unbounded ocean of eternity. I hear the musick of the new Jerusalem; it fires my soul with seraphick joy; my triumphant song of praise will never end; I am clothed with the garment of salvation; I am holy; and made mete through Jesus, to enter into the presence of his love; and to enjoy his glorious presence without a dimning vail between. Oh! my dear friends, let me see none but tears of joy and gratitude in your eyes. My departure is at hand; sing praises to God, sing praises: I want words to express my joys! She then sunk away in a swooning extacy; her countenance all the while shewing the most lively marks of pleasure. Those who were most interested in her, discovered the greatest satisfactions; wonder, gratitude, and love swelled every bosom, after laying in this way, for some minutes; she opened her eyes, looked sensibly round her and then closed them again, on all Terestrial things forever.

POETRY.

A HYMN.

1. I'LL sing my Saviour's grace,
And his name I'll praise,
While in this land of sorrow I remain;
My sorrows soon will end,
And my soul ascend
Free from troubles, banishment and pain.

2. A pilgrim here below,
In this vale of woe,
In exile, pain and banishment, I rove;
My days in sorrow roll,
And my weary soul
With earnest longing pants to mount above.

3. Tho' few my days have been,
Much sorrow have I seen,
And deep afflictions have I waded through;
But thorny is the way
Unto eternal day;
Yet forward will I press and onward go.

4. Another day is gone,
And yon declining sun
Hath veil'd his radient beams in silent shades;
While gloomy darkness rise
Throughout the extensive plains,
And silent sits, and awful clothes the meeds.

5. Thus rapid flies away
Each succeeding day,
And life's declining light draws to a close;
E'er long life's setting sun
Shall in death go down,
And lay my weary dust in calm repose.

6. O happy, sweet surprise!
What new wonders rise,
When freed from this dull clog of cumb'rous clay!
On eagles wings of love,
Then I'll mount above,
And find my passage to eternal day.

7. But O, and shall I then
See the friend of man--
The man that suffer'd, groan'd and di'd for me;
Who bore my load of sin,
Sorrow, grief and pain,
To make me happy and to set me free.

8. O the transporting sight:
What supreme delight
Shall strike my happy soul when I behold;
When Salem's gates I see
Open'd wide to me,
And streets of glittering pure transparent gold.

9. To living fountains, then,
And to pastures green,
And trees of paradise, he leeds his lambs;
While millions falling down
Prostrate on the ground,
And at his foot-stool cast their starry crowns.

10. Ye heavenly arches ring—
Sing hallelujah, sing!
Hail! holy! holy! holy! bleeding lamb!
Once we were dead in sin,
But we live again,
And glory! glory! glory! to his name!

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SOLITUDE.

O SOLITUDE! thou friend to roving thought,
Time's best interpreter, with wisdom fraught,
With my own mind conversing, calm and free,
I find society enough in thee;
Thy stillness helps my memory to retrace
Past joys; to recollect the time, the place,
Where once my favor'd hours serenely flow'd,
And blest experience led my soul to God.

FINIS.